

AMERICANA - JULY 2024



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Call me boring, but this is the flag I like. It's a classic.



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Of the Military Tactics of the North American Indians.

from Project Gutenberg's e-text of
Sketches of Indian Character, by James Napier Bailey
1841.

There are two motives which stimulate savage nations to war; these are interest and revenge. The latter operates with a fierceness among rude nations, unknown among civilized people. The desire of vengeance is the first and almost only principle which the savage instils into the mind of his children. This grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, and acquires a force and a preponderance over all other passions, which causes it to resemble the instinctive rage of a tiger or hyæna. "When under the dominion of this passion," says Robertson, "man becomes the most cruel of all animals. He neither pities, nor forgives, nor spares. The force of this passion is so well understood by the Americans themselves, that they always apply to it in order to excite the people to take up arms. If the elders of any tribe attempt to rouse

their youth from sloth, if a chief wishes to allure a band of warriors to follow him in invading an enemy's country, the most persuasive topics of their martial eloquence are drawn from revenge. 'The bones of our countrymen,' say they, 'lie uncovered; their bloody bed has not been washed clean. Their spirits cry against us; they must be appeased. Let us go and devour the people by whom they were slain. Sit no longer inactive upon your mats; lift the hatchet, console the spirits of the dead, and tell them that they shall be avenged.'"

Animated with such exhortations, the youth snatch their arms in a transport of fury, raise the song of war, and burn with impatience to embue their hands in the blood of their enemies. Private chiefs assemble small parties, and invade a hostile tribe, without consulting the rulers of the community. A single warrior, prompted by caprice or revenge, will take the field alone, and march several hundred miles to surprise and cut off a straggling enemy. The exploits of a noted warrior, in such solitary excursions, often form the chief part in the history of an American campaign; and their elders connive at such irregular sallies, as they tend to cherish a martial spirit, and accustom their people to enterprise and danger.[28] But when a war is national, and undertaken by public authority, the deliberations are formal and slow. The elders assemble; they deliver their opinions in solemn speeches; they weigh with maturity the nature of the enterprise, and balance its beneficial or disadvantageous consequences with no inconsiderable portion of political discernment or sagacity. Their priests and soothsayers are consulted, and sometimes they ask even the advice of their women.[29] If the determination be for war, they prepare for it with much ceremony. A leader offers to conduct the expedition, and is accepted. But no man is constrained to follow him; the resolution of the community to commence hostilities, imposes no obligation upon any member to take part in the war. Each individual is still master of his own conduct, and his engagement in the service is perfectly voluntary.[30]

The maxims, by which they regulate their military operations, though extremely different from those which take place in more civilized and populous nations, are well suited to their own political state, and the nature of the country in which they act. They never take the field in numerous bodies, as it would require a greater effort of foresight and industry, than is usual among savages, to provide for their subsistence during a march of some hundred miles through dreary forests, or during a long voyage upon their lakes and rivers. Their armies are not encumbered with baggage or military stores. Each warrior, besides his arms, carries his mat and a small bag of pounded maize, and with these, is completely equipped for any service. While at a distance from the enemy's frontier, they disperse through the woods, and support themselves with the game which they kill, or the fish which they catch. As they approach nearer

the territories of the nation which they intend to attack, they collect their troops, and advance with great caution. Even in their hottest and most active wars, they proceed wholly by stratagem and ambuscade. They place not their glory in attacking their enemies with open force. To surprize and destroy is the greatest merit of a commander, and the highest pride of his followers. War and hunting are his only occupations, and they conduct both with the same spirit and the same arts. They follow the track of their enemies through the forest. They endeavour to discover their haunts; they lurk in some thicket near to these, and, with the patience of sportsmen lying in wait for game, will continue in their station day after day, until they can rush upon their prey when most secure, and least able to resist them. If they meet no straggling party of the enemy, they advance towards their villages, but with such solicitude to conceal their own approach, that they often creep on their hands and feet through the woods, and paint their skins of the same colour as the withered leaves, in order to avoid detection.[31] If so fortunate as to remain unobserved, they set on fire the enemy's huts in the dead of night, and massacre the inhabitants, as they fly naked and defenceless from the flames. If they hope to effect a retreat without being pursued, they carry off some prisoners whom they reserve for a more dreadful fate. But if, notwithstanding all their address and precautions, they find that their motions are discovered, that the enemy has taken the alarm, and is prepared to oppose them, they usually deem it most prudent to retire. They regard it as extreme folly to meet an enemy who is on his guard, upon equal terms, or to give battle in an open field. The most distinguished success is a disgrace to a leader if it has been purchased with any considerable loss of his followers; and they never boast of a victory, if stained with the blood of their own countrymen.[32] To fall in battle, instead of being reckoned an honourable death, is a misfortune which subjects the memory of a warrior to the imputation of rashness or imprudence.[33]

Buchanan in his *Sketches of the North American Indians*, speaking of the military tactics of the Five Nations observes, "Previous to setting out on any warlike expedition they have a feast, to which all the noted warriors of the nation are invited; when they have their war-dance to the beat of kettle drums. The warriors are seated on two rows; each rises in turn, and sings the deeds he has performed; so that they work up their spirits to a high degree of enthusiasm. They come to these dances with faces painted in a frightful manner, to make themselves look terrible to their enemies. By these war-songs they preserve the history of their great achievements. The solemn reception of these warriors, and the acclamation of applause which they receive at their return, cannot but have on the hearer the same effect in raising an emulation for glory, that a triumph had on the old Romans. After their prisoners are secured they never offer them the least bad treatment, but on the contrary,

will rather starve themselves than suffer them to want; and I have been always assured that there is not one instance of their offering the least violence to the chastity of any woman that was their captive. The captives are generally distributed among those who have lost a member of their family in battle: if they are accepted, they enjoy all the privileges which the person had; but if otherwise, they die in torment to satiate the revenge of those who refuse them.

“They use neither drum nor trumpet, nor any kind of musical instruments in their wars; their throats serve them on all occasions. We find the same was practised by Homer’s heroes:—

‘Thrice to its pitch, his lofty voice he rears,
O friend! Ulysses’ shouts invades my ears’”!

The mode of torturing prisoners taken in battle, alluded to in the preceding extract, prevails among all the Indian tribes in North America. Heckewelder, a Moravian Missionary, who had acquired a great deal of information respecting Indian customs, during a residence of the greater part of his life among the Indians of Pennsylvania and the adjoining states, thus speaks of this custom:—

“Much has been said on the subject of the preliminary cruelties inflicted on prisoners, when they enter an Indian village with the conquering warriors. It is certain that this treatment is very severe when a particular revenge is to be exercised; but otherwise I can say with truth, that in many instances, it is rather a scene of amusement than of punishment. Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner. On entering the village, he is shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty to forty yards, and told to run to it and catch hold of it as quickly as he can. On each side of him stand men, women and children, with axes, sticks, and other offensive weapons, ready to strike him as he runs, in the same manner as is done in the European armies, when soldiers, as it is called run the gauntlet. If he should be so unlucky as to fall in the way, he will probably be immediately despatched by some person, longing to avenge the death of some relation or friend slain in battle; but the moment he reaches his goal, he is safe and protected from farther insult, until his fate is determined.

“If a prisoner in such a situation shows a determined courage, and when bid to run for the painted post, starts at once with all his might, and exerts all his strength and agility until he reaches it, he will most commonly escape without much harm, and sometimes without any injury whatever, and on reaching the desired point, he will have the satisfaction to hear his courage and his bravery applauded. But woe to the coward who hesitates, or shows any symptoms of fear! He is treated

without much mercy, and may consider himself happy, at last, if he escape with his life.

“In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to Detroit, I witnessed a scene of this description, which fully exemplified what I have above stated. Three American prisoners were one day brought in by fourteen warriors, from the garrison of Fort M’Intosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the Captain of the party, to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them. The youngest of the three, without a moment’s hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it, fortunately, without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached the post unhurt; but the third, frightened at seeing so many men, women, and children, with weapons in their hands, ready to strike him, kept begging the Captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and he would build him a fine large stone house, or do any thing for him that he should please. ‘Run for your life,’ cried the chief to him, ‘and don’t talk now of building houses’! But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the Captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would at once have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being sadly bruised, and he was besides, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.”

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THE GOLDEN REIGN OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

BY Washington Irving

(From *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.11)

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THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE

[Washington Irving, the distinguished American author, was the son of an Orkney Island emigrant merchant, born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 he brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," which at once established his literary position. In 1815 he went to Europe, and

remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the commercial house in which he was a partner failed, and he was compelled for a time to devote himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829)!; United States minister to Spain (1842) ; and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. Among his best-known works are : "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall," "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," "Astoria," "Wolfert's Roost," "Life of Washington."

Grievous and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the sad recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears — nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection that it has passed away forever ! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians ; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without a sad dejection of the spirits. With a faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion that veils the modest merit of our venerable ancestors, and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before the mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers who have preceded me in the steady march of existence — whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped forever !

These, say I to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs ; but who, alas, have long since moldered in that tomb towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber, and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence — their countenances to assume the animation of life — their eyes to pursue me in every movement ! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich!

born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortune — a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land — blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children ; but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thy ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs — on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which nevermore will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata!

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam ; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all sage magistrates and rulers.

The surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler^ which in English means doubter, a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For, though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every object on so comprehensive a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it, so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice — one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues, and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vamping, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts — by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented by a discerning world with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing — and of such in-

vincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty, mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and, having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed that " he had his doubts about the matter " — which in process of time gained him the character of a man slow in belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly-formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom ; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain ; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in the hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each ; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved

round it, or it round the sun ; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a Stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects — and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best, governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province ; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment — a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been solemnly installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast, from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he fraudulently refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth — either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story — he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks, to understand. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced — that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other — therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced — therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt — and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused gen-

eral joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration — and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic— a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, henpecked beings in the community : doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside ; — set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains, lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country ; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station — squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff — five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, sub-devils, or bottle holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the

present day ; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters — hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes ; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen — who actually died of suffocation, in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of the burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say yes and no at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen — being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all snug junketings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men in a small way — who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the almshouse and the bridewell — that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty — that shall give to their beck a houndlike pack of catchpoles and bumbailiffs — tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down ! — My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a graw historian — but I have a moral antipathy to catchpoles, bumbailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight — and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain-thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat — and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is molded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study — for as a learned

gentleman of our own city observes, " there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their physical constitution — between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind — either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion ; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient houseroom, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease ; and we may always observe that your well-fed, robustious burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort ; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance — and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs ? — no — no — it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting thfi whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls — one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body — a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart — a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind. His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed ; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bedchamber, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighborhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest — whereupon a host of honest good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which

had lain perdue, slyly peeping out of the loopholes of the heart, finding this Cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm — disposing their possessor to laughter, good humor, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow-mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this model, think but very little, they are less likely to differ and wrangle about favorite opinions — and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and, therefore (a pitiful measure, for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his cartularies that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach — a rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed that the aldermen are the best-fed men in the community ; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the wa'ddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony -and the profound laws which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labors of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced, when awake. In a word, your fair, round-bellied burgomaster, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety — but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race horse to drag an ox wagon.

The burgomasters then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat ; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed-milk, New England cheese.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter and these his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller, and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country customary in new cities, and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington — that immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight, in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine ; that combination of farmyard melody which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways — the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll — the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money brokers — and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth, and the servility and heartburnings of repining poverty — and what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect

was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mold, and to be those honest, blunt minds which, like certain manufactures, are made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honors, — your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches, as the great source of jealousies, broils, and heartbreakings ; whereas, for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than anything else ; and I have remarked that your knowing people, who are so much wiser than anybody else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New Amsterdam, nothing of the kind was known within its walls — the very words of learning, education, taste, and talents were unheard of — a bright genius was an animal unknown, and a bluestocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man, in fact, seemed to know more than his neighbor, nor any man to know more than an honest man ought to know, who has nobody's business to mind but his own ; the parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twilier always signed his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little burgh ! existing in all the security of harmless insignificance — unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vainglory, without riches, without learning, and all their train of carking cares — and as of yore, in the better days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on earth and bless his rural habitations, so we are told, in the sylvan days of New Amsterdam, the good St. Nicholas would often make his appearance in his beloved city, of a holiday afternoon, riding jollily among the tree tops, or over the roofs of the houses, now and then drawing forth magnificent presents from his breeches pockets, and dropping them down the chimneys of his favorites. Whereas in these degenerate days of iron and brass, he never shows us the light of his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in the year ; when he rattles down the chimneys of the descendants of the patriarchs, confining his presents merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of the parents.

Such are the comfortable and thriving effects of a fat government. The province of the New Netherlands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity that wealth could never purchase. There were neither public commotions, nor private quarrels ; neither parties, nor sects, nor schisms ; neither persecutions, nor trials, nor punishments ; nor were there counselors, attorneys, catchpoles, or hangmen. Every man attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbor. In those days, nobody meddled with concerns above his comprehension, nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs ; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others

— but in a word, every respectable citizen ate when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed when the sun set, and the fowls went to roost, whether he were sleepy or not ; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New Amsterdam made a point of enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace

— this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favorite Dutch maxim, that "more than enough constitutes a feast." Everything, therefore, went on exactly as it should do ; and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest tranquillity said repose reigned throughout the province."

Manifold are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell and foam, with untried valor, like a barrel of new cider, or a trainband captain, fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles and horrible encounters ; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and reveling in gunpowder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvelous, will dwell with wondrous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hairbreadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrations that just amble along the boundary line of possibility. A third

class, who, not to speak slightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times, as they do over the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the Other catalogue of hideous crimes that, like cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavor to the dull detail of history — while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human kind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw ; and I promise them that as soon as I can possibly light upon anything horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall go hard, but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being promised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women, after my own heart : grave, philosophical, and investigating ; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first development of the newly hatched colony, and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller, or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors — they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof, from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden, and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding

chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city — the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses ; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor ; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front ; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind ; — the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife — a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new-year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was of times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes ; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water — insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck ; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids — but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights — always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom — after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace — the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together ; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches — grisly ghosts, horses without heads — and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish

— in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears ; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pygmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup — and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany ; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting — no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones — no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets — nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen with no

brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings ; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, yah Mynheer^ or yah yah Vrouw^ to any question that was asked them ; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated ; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed — Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage ; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet ; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door ; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present — if our great-grand-fathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

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Current Commentary
6/23/2024 - Meta Threads

stonekettle

1 day ago

Why do the cars that people use to get to the shops and their jobs, etc, need to be an enormous 4x4 truck with huge mudder tires that can climb mountains towing boat with a load of fence posts and cattle feed bags in the back? Is that really a thing that happens in the suburbs all that often?

barbanneholton

1 day ago

Have you driven through the Dallas suburbs lately???

OMG OMG 🤔.

It's hilarious if it weren't indicative of some "other issues".

Some even have spikes for hubcaps.

stonekettle

1 day ago

I live in the Panhandle of Florida. Matt Gaetz district. These people don't have two shits to rub together and have never seen the inside of a dentist's office -- and yet somehow every single one of them has a \$70,000 RAM dually with chrome stacks and giant mudder tires and a "Lets Go Brandon" bumper sticker that they use to drive to their shit minimum wage yard mowing job.

colleen_wahl

1 day ago

Same here in North Dakota! And complain about Brandon keeping the price of gas too high.

dianneboomhower

1 day ago

I'm in Martin County FL.

These people live in patched together single wides with dirt yards, but manage to drive \$80,000 jacked up trucks. For what? To fly their Trump flags from the bed.

anodecathode

1 day ago

They have to have these large trucks so they can tailgate a Prius for brain chemicals because being an utter turd to everyone in their area is the only way they can feel anything.

carya0910

28m28 minutes ago

Daytona Beach here, and can confirm. ☹️♀

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EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING

by Walt Whitman

from the GoogleBooks etext of

THE UNCOLLECTED POETRY AND PROSE

OF WALT WHITMAN (1921)

At Northport, on Sunday, 28th ultimo, an unfortunate and somewhat singular accident occurred from the lightning. Mr. Abraham Miller, of that place, had been in the fields, engaged in some farm work, and was returning home, as a storm commenced in the afternoon, carrying in his hands a pitchfork. A friend of his who was with him advised him not to carry it, as he considered it dangerous. Mr. Miller, however, did not put down the fork, but continued walking with it; he had gone some distance on his way home, and had just put up the bars of a fence he passed through when a violent clap of thunder

occurred, followed by a sharp flash. The acquaintance of Mr. Miller was slightly stunned by the shock and turning round to look at his companion he saw him lying on his face motionless. He went to him and found him dead, the lightning, having been attracted by the steel tines of the fork, had torn his hand slightly, and killed him on the instant.

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Two Birds: The Lord Will Provide

Adapted by Jack Pullman from an American folktale
2013 - Pullman Puppets, Blogspot

One day, Brother Buzzard was circling about in the sky, humming to himself and just feeling the wind on his bald head. After a while, Brother Hawk comes up to ride the same lazy current.

“What a fine day it is today,” said Hawk. “Sure makes a guy hungry keeping aloft like this. What say we make a snack of that rabbit down there?”

“You go on,” said Buzzard. “I’m waiting on the provision of the

Lord.”

So Brother Hawk swooped down, snatched that rabbit, and flew on his way. Brother Buzzard kept circling, humming, and just feeling the wind on his bald head.

The next day, Brother Buzzard was circling about in the sky, humming to himself and just feeling the wind on his bald head. After a while, Brother Hawk comes up to ride the lazy current.

“What a fine day it is today,” said Hawk. “Sure makes a guy hungry keeping aloft like this. Look at that fat snake on that rock. Wouldn’t you like to put some of that in your belly?”

“You go on,” said Buzzard. “I’m waiting on the provision of the Lord.”

So Brother Hawk swooped down, snatched up the snake, and flew on his way. Brother Buzzard kept circling, humming, and just feeling the wind on his bald head.

On the third day, Brother Buzzard was circling about in the sky, humming to himself and just feeling the wind on his bald head. After a while, Brother Hawk comes up beside him.

“What a fine day it is today,” said Hawk. ““Sure makes a guy hungry keeping aloft like this. Look at that succulent little songbird singing on that barbwire fence there. Don’t she just look scrumptious?”

“You go on,” said Buzzard. “I’m waiting on the provision of the Lord.”

“I knew you would say that. And seeing as I know you haven’t eaten in days, I’m going to bring her to you for your own gastronomical pleasure. That’s just the kind of good guy I am,” said Hawk.

“Do as you like,” said Buzzard. “I’m awaiting the provision of the Lord.”

So Brother Hawk commenced to divebomb the little songbird, who was quick and keen, and vacated the fence at Hawk’s approach. Brother Hawk, though, was not as quick and keen, and could not redirect his coordinates in time to avoid becoming entangled in the barbwire fence. As his eyes began to milk over, he saw Brother Buzzard circle down and land on the fencepost, saying:

"The Lord has provided."

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The Crystal Gazer

from The Project Gutenberg eBook of
Dark of the Moon, by Sara Teasdale

I shall gather myself into myself again,
I shall take my scattered selves and make them one,
Fusing them into a polished crystal ball
Where I can see the moon and the flashing sun.

I shall sit like a sibyl, hour after hour intent,
Watching the future come and the present go,
And the little shifting pictures of people rushing
In restless self-importance to and fro.

=====

Kodak ad copy from
The Saturday Evening Post
June 18, 1960

Three generations of "best girls"? make a wonderful picture collection,
Ed Sullivan says: "Show your best girl at her best
—in Kodacolor pictures. Easy to take with
any Kodak camera!"

"If I can take them... you can, too! Any
fellow ought to have beautiful color pictures of his
best girl," says Ed Sullivan. "Up-to-date pictures
you're proud to carry in your wallet or keep on
your desk. Just do what I do. Snap them with
Kodak

'*Two little femmes—the one on the left is my
granddaughter Carla, 4. I have a really big 11x14
Kodacolor Enlargement of this shot."

**My daughter Betty came out fine even though
the day was cloudy. Talk about proud fathers—
just ask to see my Kodacolor snaps!"

Kodacolor Film. Use any modern camera. The
color comes out so sparkling, so real looking, even

she'll say theyv're good! Try it yourself. How about this weekend?" (Aodacolor Film can be processed locally in many cities, or by hodak. Ask your dealer.)

** My favorite girl is Sylvia of course — Mrs. Sullivan. This was snapped indoors with flash,"

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.
SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND
"THE ADVENTURES OF THE NELSON FAMILY"

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THE VENUS

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
from the IA etext of
THE DIAL - JULY 1928

WHAT then is it like, America?

It was Fraulein von J. talking.

They were on their way to take the train to Frascati, the three of them—she, her companion, and Evans.

In reply, he shook his head, laughing—and they hurried on to catch the car.

She could speak English well enough, her companion could not, Dev's German was spasmodic coming in spurts for a moment or two but disappearing as suddenly leaving him tongue-tied. So they spoke English and carried their lunch. A picnic. He was delighted.

This day it was hot. Fraulein von J. seemed very simple, very direct, and to his Roman mood miraculously beautiful. In her unstylish long-sleeved German clothes, her rough stockings and heavy walking-shoes, Evans found her, nevertheless, ethereally graceful. But the clear features, the high forehead, the brilliant perfect lips, the well-shaped nose, and best of all the shining mist-like palegold hair unaffectedly drawn back—frightened him. For himself he did not know where to begin. But she looked at him so steadily for some strange reason, as if she recognized him, that he was forced at last to answer her.

The tram was packed to the doors with passengers. Just before starting three treelike Englishwomen had come rushing up calling out distractedly in English that the tram must not go, that somebody was coming—Do you see her? Oh, what can have happened? She had the correct information, et cetera—until finally Clara arrived just in the moment of the tram's departure and clambered aboard desperately, not a minute too soon. So that now they stood in the aisles, the four of them, sweating and glowering at the Italian men, who oblivious to such violence had long since comfortably settled themselves in their seats.

Fraulein von J. was placed immediately before Evans looking at him absorbedly like a child. Not knowing what else to do or to say, he too looked (as the tram went through some bare vineyards) straight back into her clear blue eyes with his evasive dark ones. She lifted her head a little as if startled, flushed (he thought) just a trifle but did not change her gaze. So they continued, to look fixedly among the backs and across the coats of the Englishwomen in the aisle, who were jabbering away disturbedly about the threatening weather. She did not stir to look away but seemed to rest upon his look with mild curiosity and no nervousness at all. It was, as usual, his look which faltered.

Hearing the talk of the Villa this and the Villa that, about to be visited, Evans felt that he wished he could lose this crowd and was more than pleased when Fraulein von J. suggested that as soon as they should get to Frascati they head for the open country, delighted to find that her mood suited his own so well.

At the market place of Frascati, where a swarm of guides and carriages swooped down upon them, the three picnickers moved off at right angles to the direction taken by the rest, up a road that led between two walls around behind the town. They did not know where they were or indeed anything about the place or its beauties—they didn't care. Fraulein wanted to see the Italian springtime, that was the most definite of their spoken desires and Dev, sick of antiquities and architectural beauties, was more than willing to follow. The companion disliked Italian gardens anyway, lacking as they do the green profusion of the northern trees. With this they started, beginning at once to see violets along inside the fences, violets they could not reach. Following a brook which ran beside them, contrariwise down the hill, they tramped on, heading for open country.

What is it like, America? And so Dev began to tell her—Not like this—and all the time somehow he was thinking of his

sister. Where is Bess? I wish she were here! till walking and talking, leaving the town behind them, they came quite out into the fields with a hill on the left and a little village off in the distance across the valley before them. They were in a worn dirt gully high hedged on both sides with banks cut into narrow paths by goats' hoofs. Before them four absorbed children gathering violets rushed forward in the path by ones and twos rivalling each other in their efforts to pounce upon the finer groups of flowers.

The children paid no attention whatever to the three hikers, not even by so much as one glance. Running ahead with cries of delight, each racing to exceed the others, they soon disappeared through gaps in the hedge. Evans was over and over startled by the German girl's delicate colouration and hair and eyes. Also, her hands were lovely, her ankles, firm—like the Venus, thicker than the stage or dance-hall type, but active too—just suggestive enough of the peasant to be like a god's.

You have not told me yet, what it is like, America.

It is like, Dev began, something muffled—like a badly trained voice. It is a world where no man dare learn anything that concerns him intimately—but sorrow—for should we learn pleasure, it is instantly and violently torn from us as by a pack of hungry wolves so starved for it are we and so jealous of each of us is our world.

I think I know what you mean, she replied, it is that we are all good citizens on top and very much better than that inside. It makes me think of the Johannesfeuer. You know Sudermann's play?

America is a pathetic place where something stupefying must always happen for fear we wake up. Yes, I have read the play.

By this time they had come quite around behind Frascati hill. Here they had lunch in a diminutive, triangular grove of oaks where there was a grassy bank with a few daisies on it, and the tall trees bending overhead. Then climbing through a fence they took the road again up to the right around the hill climbing steeply now on a stony path. It was a hard walk this part of the way and before long they were tired, especially Frau M. who was glad to stop near the top and rest.

But after a few words in German which Dev missed, Fraulein von J. cried, Come on! and they two went on alone about two

hundred yards ahead up to the woody summit, to a place from which they could see Frau M. below them lying under an ash-tree. Here there were a few stones of some ancient construction almost gone under the wood soil and rotted chestnut leaves. It was a chestnut grove cut and counter cut by innumerable paths which led north over the brow of the hill—to Frascati, no doubt. But now at this early season, the place was deserted. The random, long, dart-shaped dry leaves covered the ground all about them, two foreigners resting on the old stones. Elsa waved to Frau M. from where she sat, then she turned again to Evans, Tell me what you are. You do not mind? I want to know everything. What is America? It is perhaps you?

No, Dev shook his head.

Is it something to study? What will it do? Shall we go there to learn? she asked in rapid succession.

Dev shook his head.

But you will return to it?

Yes.

Why?

Habit.

No, it is something.

It is that I may the better hide everything that is secretly valuable in myself, or have it defiled. So safety in crowds—

But that is nothing. That is the same as in Europe.

America seems less encumbered with its dead. I can see nothing else there. It gives less than Europe, far less of everything of value save more paper to write upon—nothing else. Why do you look at me so? Dev asked her.

Because I have seen no one like you in my life, few Americans, I have talked to none. I ask myself, are you an American?

And if I am—

Then it is interesting.

He said, To me it is a hard, barren life, where I am “alone” and unmolested (work as I do in the thick of it) though in constant danger lest some slip send me to perdition but which, being covetous not at all, I enjoy for the seclusion and primitive air of it. But that is all—unless I must add an attraction in all the inanimate associations of my youth, shapes, foliage, trees to which I am used—and a love of place and the characteristics of place—good or bad, rich or poor.

No, she continued, it is not that.

Evans felt at that moment, that there was very little in America. He wanted to be facetious but the girl’s seriousness was not a thing to be fooled. It made him pensive and serious himself.

He could say—that it was just a place.

But you must not tell me that America is nothing, she anticipated him, for I see it is something, and she looked at him again with her little smile. You seem to me a man like I have not seen before. This is America?

I am a refugee, Dev continued, America is or was a beginning, to clean out the—

Then, she replied, it is as in Germany. I did not think so when I saw you.

And I, Dev answered, did not think so when I saw you.

Why am I in Rome, do you think? she queried next.

He did not know.

To become a nun.

And with a shock he remembered the German youths in their crimson gowns whom he had seen filing down the Quirinal, down the long steps; the Scotch youths playing soccer in the Borghese Gardens Sunday afternoon with their gowns tucked up, or doffed, garters showing and running like college athletes for the ball. He remembered too, the Americans with the blue edge to their gowns, the Spanish, the French.

Yes, she continued, that is it. I am in Rome to feel if the church

will not offer me an answer.' I was fourteen years old when the war ended. I have seen the two things—to throw myself away or to take hold again. I have seen the women running in the stadiums, I have seen them together. If we were peasants, we could be nearer—but we must lose it all, all that is good. I am a German, an East Prussian. My mother is dead. My father is a general—of course. What shall I do? I do not want anything—Tell me what is America. You must say. Is it just a place to work?

Dev nodded.

You see that I am young—I am young, of course. You come to me carrying a message. I do not know what to do. I believe you will tell me. I am not a fool—and I am not gifted either. There is nothing for me. Is there? I cannot walk about letting my hair loose to surprise men because it is so yellow. You perhaps, yes, if you please—and she smiled—but not those whom I do not want. I cannot marry. It makes me sick to marry. But I want, I want. I do not care that I am a virgin or not. No. No. That is childish. I cannot remain as I am—but I must—until this (and she tapped her forehead) is satisfied. You have said something to me. What do I say to you?

Dev thought “running wild” that if they should do as he wished they would both end that night in the jail at Frascati hungry and very much disturbed—possibly—but no more than that. Fool.

They speak to me of my body. It is beautiful. For what? Of what use to me?

She talked quite coolly.

Within a few years I must lose this. Why not? and I have nothing else unless it is a mind to have, to have and nothing that I want. Not painting, not music, philosophy, tennis—for old men, for young men, for women? No. America, that seems something new.

You would find nothing in America, Evans quickly interposed. The girls there cannot go half a mile out of town for fear a negro might rape them, or their complexions be spoiled by the weather or the Japanese come too close or they be buried in snow or baked in summer; or they marry their business managers or secretaries and live together two or three in apartments. Their thoughts are like white grass so heavily have they been covered by their skins—and

so heavily covered are they to protect them from the weather that when they are uncovered they do not exist. One must snatch another up quickly from the general supply, from a patent container.—Evans was ashamed of this speech of which as a fact Fraulein von J. understood not one word. But the few women he had admired were not pretty and the pretty ones he did not admire.—Never think of America, he concluded. The men are worse than the women.

Are you then one?

Evans had no reply.

When I saw you, I saw something unusual, I am never mistaken. I saw something different from what I see every day, neither throwing away nor taking hold to the old horrible handle, all filthy—Is it America I asked, but you tell me nothing. It is because you will not do so.

America, he began again haltingly, is hard to know.

Yes, she answered, because she had made him serious so that he must speak his mind or say nothing.

I think it is useful to us, he continued, because it is near savagery. In Europe, you are so far from it that maybe you will have to die first before you will live again——But Dev was not such a fool.—Europe, I do not know, he corrected himself. I am seeing a few superficial moments only.

But he had a quick pupil.—That is enough, replied Fraulein von J. I see now what I saw at the beginning. You are a savage, not quite civilized—you have America and we have not. You have that, yes it is something.

It is very difficult, said Dev. I am not a typical American. We have a few natives left but they would not know me—

You are holding on to something, she said.

It is very difficult, Dev went on—something very likely to be lost, this is what—So he took out the flint arrowhead he had in his pocket and showed it to her.

She was impressed. She held it hard in her hand as if to keep its impression there, felt the point, the edge, tried it, turned it over.

Yes, she said, I have seen the same thing from our own fields, more finished work—but it is very far, very far. No one believes it is real. But this you carry in your coat? It is very strange. Where did you find it?

In a corn-field in Virginia, there are many of them there.

Are there many Americans who know this that you are saying?

Dev shook his head. I have seen but a few. There are pictures pressed into my mind, which have a great power of argument. Summer pictures mostly, of my part of the country, one of the old pioneer houses fast to the ground. There is nothing like them in Europe. They were not peasants, the people who built them, they were tragic men who wasted their wits on the ground—but made a hard history for me—not for me only, I think; they were like all the earlier peoples but it has been so quick and misplaced in America, this early phase, that it is lost or misinterpreted—its special significance.

You think then it might be useful to—me? Yes, that was what I saw in your eyes.—She looked again. Yes, it is so.

She shook her head gently from side to side in marvelling realization. Come, she said, I was right. What an America is that! Why then did you not look at me all this week? I was troubled. I wondered what was the matter with me.

Dev said he had been excited studying something he wanted among the antiquities.

But a feeling almost of terror, Dev thought, mixed with compassion perhaps, came now into her eyes as she continued to look at him.

It must be even more lonesome and frightening in America than in Germany, she said. She shook her head. She seemed as if looking off into a new country and to be feeling the lonesomeness of it.

America is marvellous, replied Dev, grossly prosperous—

She shuddered, No. So were we. So will we be soon again.—She was frightened—How can you stay where you are? Why do you stay there? You make the church impossible—but you are

alone. I will pray for you.

They started to get up quietly from their serious mood and were rather startled to find themselves still in the surroundings of this pagan grove. Not too sure were they that they knew each other as well as they had been feeling they did for the few moments of hard sympathetic understanding just past, projecting themselves out; each feeling, each trying hard, to get at the other's mood. They laughed, and Dev gave her his hand but she did not move away.

It is very difficult, she said, for us to support ourselves after we have passed the semi-consciousness of the peasant, and his instinct. We fall back, do we not? You are brave, she said, to want to find some other way—and one that is American. It seems curious to me.

Moving to rejoin Frau M. they saw that it was getting on into the afternoon and that they must be stepping along if they would be back in Rome by nightfall.

You believe in America like a church, mused Fraulein von J. almost to herself.

Dev did not think so.

Do you believe then that the church is an enemy to your belief?
Yes.

She looked away.

Oh come on, said Dev, let's get out of this.

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Air Plants. Wild Pines (Genus Tillandsia)

BY Mary Frances Baker

from the IA etext of *Florida wild flowers*; [1926]

An Introduction to the Flora of the Florida Peninsula

The clustered leaves of air plants are usually dilated at the base, forming reservoirs that hold water and fallen leaves; this, together with air and atmospheric dust, is their food, yet from such meager fare they produce many leaves and brilliantly decked spikes of bloom.

These strange plants which, like the Spanish moss, fasten themselves on trees, are most abundant in the southern part of the peninsula, where in hammocks and swamps they grow in profusion. In this region they begin to bloom in early spring, but in other parts of the state, where they are less common, they do not blossom until summer. In several species bright red bracts protect the buds, and are far more conspicuous than the narrow flowers.

Those who have traveled on the beautiful Caloosahatchee will remember the many air plants on the trees by that river—the showy *T. fasciculata*, with stout, crimson-bracted spikes ; the large, pale green *T. utriculata*, in whose leaf-bases handsome green and gold tree-frogs often stay; and the small *T. tenuifolia*, with dense tufts of narrow reddish or dark green leaves. A common but inconspicuous hardier air plant, *T. recurvata*, grows in small gray tufts, often on the same trees with Spanish moss, and even adventures along telephone wires in many parts of the state. Brilliant plants of this family are found in South America, and there an extreme example of adaptation is shown by a small bladderwort that lives and blooms in the water held in the leaf-bases of a tropical air plant.

Tree orchids are often found growing with air plants, but are easily distinguished by their irregular flowers, and their different manner of growth, as air plants crowd their leaves in a characteristic manner, much like the cultivated pineapples to which they are related.

Tillandsia fasciculata. Flowers purplish blue, narrow, 1 in. long or more, in spikes on branched stem 10-20 in. long. Bracts red, shining, 1 in. long. Leaves chiefly basal, rigid, tapering, as long as stem. Chiefly in swamps. Blooming in spring and summer. Fla.

Tillandsia utriculata. Large plant. Flowers white or straw-color, bracts green. Stem 1-3 ft. long, branched. Leaves shorter than stem. Hammocks and swamps. Blooming in summer. Fla.

Tillandsia Balbisiana. Slender, spikes solitary or few. Flowers purplish blue, stem and bracts red. Stem 1-2 ft. long. Leaves narrow, twisted above the dilated saccate base. as long as stem, or longer. In and near swamps. Blooming in spring. Fla.

Tillandsia tenuifolia. Flowers blue, few, 1 in. long. Stem 6-12 in. long, unbranched. Leaves many, very narrow, often reddish, 6-12 in. long. Hammocks and swamps. Blooming in summer. Fla. and Ga.

Tillandsia recurvata. Small, gray, scurfy plants. Flowers blue, 1/2 in. long, few. Stems 2-6 in. long. Not confined to swamps. Blooming in summer. Fla. to Texas.

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CHAPTER I The Sierra Nevada

from the text of

THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA

by John Muir

GO where you may within the bounds of California, mountains are ever in sight, charming and glorifying every landscape. Yet so simple and massive is the topography of the State in general views, that the main central portion displays only one valley, and two chains of mountains which seem almost perfectly regular in trend and height : the Coast Range on the west side, the Sierra Nevada on the east. These two ranges coming together in curves on the north and south inclose a magnificent basin, with a level floor more than 400 miles long, and from 35 to 60 miles wide. This is the grand Central Valley of California, the waters of which have only one outlet to the sea through the Golden Gate. But with this general simplicity of features there is great complexity of hidden detail. The Coast Range, rising as a grand green barrier against the ocean, from 2000 to 8000 feet high, is composed of innumerable forest-crowned spurs, ridges, and rolling hill-waves which inclose a multitude of smaller valleys; some looking out through long, forest-lined vistas to the sea ; others, with but few trees, to the Central Valley; while a thousand others yet smaller are embosomed and concealed in mild, round-browed hills, each with its own climate, soil, and productions.

Making your way through the mazes of the Coast Range to the summit of any of the inner peaks or

passes opposite San Francisco, in the clear springtime, the grandest and most telling of all California landscapes is outspread before you. At your feet lies the great Central Valley glowing golden in the sunshine, extending north and south farther than the eye can reach, one smooth, flowery, lake-like bed of fertile soil. Along its eastern margin rises the mighty Sierra, miles in height, reposing like a smooth, cumulous cloud in the sunny sky, and so gloriously colored, and so luminous, it seems to be not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city. Along the top, and extending a good way down, you see a pale, pearl-gray belt of snow ; and below it a belt of blue and dark purple, marking the extension of the forests ; and along the base of the range a broad belt of rose-purple and yellow, where lie the miner's gold fields and the foot-hill gardens. All these colored belts blending smoothly make a wall of light ineffably fine, and as beautiful as a rainbow, yet firm as adamant.

When I first enjoyed this superb view, one glowing April day, from the summit of the Pacheco Pass, the Central Valley, but little trampled or plowed as yet, was one furred, rich sheet of golden composites, and the luminous wall of the mountains shone in all its glory. Then it seemed to me the Sierra should be called not the Nevada, or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years spent in the heart of it, rejoicing and wondering, bathing in its glorious floods of light, seeing the sunbursts of morning among the icy peaks, the noonday radiance on the trees and rocks and snow, the flush of the alpenglow, and a thousand dashing waterfalls with their marvelous abundance of irised spray, it still seems to me above all others the Range of Light, the most divinely beautiful of all the mountain-chains I have ever seen. The Sierra is about 500 miles long, 70 miles wide, and from 7000 to nearly 15,000 feet high.

In general views no mark of man is visible on it, nor anything to suggest the richness of the life it cherishes, or the depth and grandeur of its sculpture. None of its magnificent forest-crowned ridges rises much above the general level to publish its wealth. No great valley or lake is seen, or river, or group of well-marked features of any kind, standing out in distinct pictures.

Even the summit-peaks, so clear and high
in the sky, seem comparatively smooth and featureless.

Nevertheless, glaciers are still at work in the
shadows of the peaks, and thousands of lakes and
meadows shine and bloom beneath them, and the
whole range is furrowed with canons to a depth of
from 2000 to 5000 feet, in which once flowed majestic
glaciers, and in which now flow and sing a band of beautiful
rivers.

Though of such stupendous depth, these famous
canons are not raw, gloomy, jagged-walled gorges,
savage and inaccessible. With rough passages here
and there they still make delightful pathways for the
mointaineer, conducting from the fertile lowlandsto the
highest icy fountains, as a kind of mountain streets full
of charming life and light, graded andsculptured by the
ancient glaciers, and presenting,
throughout all their courses, a rich variety of novel
and attractive scenery, the most attractive that has
yet been discovered in the mountain-ranges of the
world.

In many places, especially in the middle region
of the western flank of the range, the main canons
widen into spacious valleys or parks, diversified
like artificial landscape-gardens, with charming
groves and meadows, and thickets of blooming
bushes, while the lofty, retiring walls, infinitely
varied in form and sculpture, are fringed with ferns,
flowering-plants of many species, oaks, and ever-
greens, which find anchorage on a thousand narrow
steps and benches; while the whole is enlivened
and made glorious with rejoicing streams that
come dancing and foaming over the sunny brows
of the cliffs to join the shining river that flows in
tranquil beauty down the middle of each one of
them.

The walls of these park valleys of the Yosemite
kind are made up of rocks mountains in size, partly
separated from each other by narrow gorges and
side-canons; and they are so sheer in front, and so
I compactly built together on a level floor, that, coml
prehensively seen, the parks they inclose look like

immense halls or temples lighted from above. Every rock seems to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer, or nearly so, for thousands of feet, advance their brows in thoughtful attitudes beyond their companions, giving welcome to storms and calms alike, seemingly conscious yet heedless of everything going on about them, awful in stern majesty, types of permanence, yet associated with beauty of the frailest and most fleeting forms ; their feet set in pine-groves and gay emerald meadows, their brows in the sky; bathed in light, bathed in floods of singing water, while snow-clouds, avalanches, and the winds shine and surge and wreath about them as the years go by, as if into these mountain mansions Nature had taken pains to gather her choicest treasures to draw her lovers into close and confiding communion with her.

Here, too, in the middle region of deepest canons are the grandest forest-trees, the Sequoia, king of conifers, the noble Sugar and Yellow Pines, Douglas Spruce, Libocedrus, and the Silver Firs, each a giant of its kind, assembled together in one and the same forest, surpassing all other coniferous forests in the world, both in the number of its species and in the size and beauty of its trees. The winds flow in melody through their colossal spires, and they are vocal everywhere with the songs of birds and running water. Miles of fragrant ceanothus and manzanita bushes bloom beneath them, and lily gardens and meadows, and damp, ferny glens in endless variety of fragrance and color, compelling the admiration of every observer. Sweeping on overridge and valley, these noble trees extend a continuous belt from end to end of the range, only slightly interrupted by sheer-walled canons at intervals of about fifteen and twenty miles. Here the great burly brown bears delight to roam, harmonizing with the brown boles of the trees beneath which they feed.

Deer, also, dwell here, and find food and shelter in the ceanothus tangles, with a multitude of smaller people. Above this region of giants, the trees grow smaller until the utmost limit of the timber line is reached on the stormy

mountain-slopes at a height of from ten to twelve thousand feet above the sea, where the Dwarf Pine is so lowly and hard beset by storms and heavy snow, it is pressed into flat tangles, over the tops of which we may easily walk. Below the main forest belt the trees likewise diminish in size, frost and burning drouth repressing and blasting alike.

The rose-purple zone along the base of the range comprehends nearly all the famous gold region of California. And here it was that miners from every country under the sun assembled in a wild, torrent like rush to seek their fortunes. On the banks of every river, ravine, and gully they have left their marks. Every gravel- and boulder-bed has been desperately riddled over and over again. But in this region the pick and shovel, once wielded with savage enthusiasm, have been laid away, and only quartz-mining is now being carried on to any considerable extent. The zone in general is made up of low, tawny, waving foot-hills, roughened here and there with brush and trees, and outcropping masses of slate, colored gray and red with lichens. The smaller masses of slate, rising abruptly from the dry, grassy sod in leaning slabs, look like ancient tombstones in a deserted burying-ground. In early spring, say from February to April, the whole of this foot-hill belt is a paradise of bees and flowers.

Refreshing rains then fall freely, birds are busy building their nests, and the sunshine is balmy and delightful. But by the end of May the soil, plants, and sky seem to have been baked in an oven. Most of the plants crumble to dust beneath the foot, and the ground is full of cracks ; while the thirsty traveler gazes with eager longing through the burning glare to the snowy summits looming like hazy clouds in the distance.

The trees, mostly *Quercus Douglasii* and *Pinus Sahiniana*, thirty to forty feet high, with thin, pale green foliage, stand far apart and cast but little shade. Lizards glide about on the rocks enjoying a constitution that no drouth can dry, and ants in amazing numbers, whose tiny sparks of life seem to burn the brighter with the increasing heat,

ramble industriously in long trains in search of food. Crows, ravens, magpies—friends in distress — gather on the ground beneath the best shade trees, panting with drooping wings and bills wide open, scarce a note from any of them during the midday hours. Quails, too, seek the shade during the heat of the day about tepid pools in the channels of the larger mid-river streams. Rabbits scurry from thicket to thicket among the ceanothus bushes, and occasionally a long-eared hare is seen cantering gracefully across the wider openings. The nights are calm and dewless during the summer, and a thousand voices proclaim the abundance of life, notwithstanding the desolating effect of dry sunshine on the plants and larger animals. The hylas make a delightfully pure and tranquil music after sunset; and coyotes, the little, despised dogs of the wilderness, brave, hardy fellows, looking like withered wisps of hay, bark in chorus for hours. Mining towns, most of them dead, and a few living ones with bright bits of cultivation about them, occur at long intervals along the belt, and cottages covered with climbing roses, in the midst of orange and peach orchards, and sweet-scented hay-fields in fertile flats where water for irrigation may be had. But they are mostly far apart, and make scarce any mark in general views.

Every winter the High Sierra and the middle forest region get snow in glorious abundance, and even the foot-hills are at times whitened. Then all the range looks like a vast beveled wall of purest marble. The rough places are then made smooth, the death and decay of the year is covered gently and kindly, and the ground seems as clean as the sky. And though silent in its flight from the clouds, and when it is taking its place on rock, or tree, or grassy meadow, how soon the gentle snow finds a voice ! Slipping from the heights, gathering in avalanches, it booms and roars like thunder, and makes a glorious show as it sweeps down the mountain-side, arrayed in long, silken streamers and wreathing, swirling films of crystal dust. The north half of the range is mostly covered with floods of lava, and dotted with volcanoes and craters, some of them recent and perfect in form,

others in various stages of decay. The south half is composed of granite nearly from base to summit, while a considerable number of peaks, in the middle of the range, are capped with metamorphic slates, among which are Mounts Dana and Gibbs to the east of Yosemite Valley. Mount Whitney, the culminating point of the range near its southern extremity, lifts its helmet-shaped crest to a height of nearly 14,700 feet. Mount Shasta, a colossal volcanic cone, rises to a height of 14,440 feet at the northern extremity, and forms a noble landmark for all the surrounding region within a radius of a hundred miles. Residual masses of volcanic rocks occur throughout most of the granitic southern portion also, and a considerable number of old volcanoes on the flanks, especially along the eastern base of the range near Mono Lake and southward. But it is only to the northward that the entire range, from base to summit, is covered with lava.

From the summit of Mount Whitney only granite is seen. Innumerable peaks and spires but little lower than its own storm-beaten crags rise in groups like forest-trees, in full view, segregated by canons of tremendous depth and ruggedness. On Shasta nearly every feature in the vast view speaks of the old volcanic fires. Far to the northward, in Oregon, the icy volcanoes of Mount Pitt and the Three Sisters rise above the dark evergreen woods. Southward innumerable smaller craters and cones are distributed along the axis of the range and on each flank. Of these, Lassen's Butte is the highest, being nearly 11,000 feet above sea-level. Miles of its flanks are reeking and bubbling with hot springs, many of them so boisterous and sulphurous they seem ever ready to become spouting geysers like those of the Yellowstone.

The Cinder Cone near marks the most recent volcanic eruption in the Sierra. It is a symmetrical truncated cone about 700 feet high, covered with gray cinders and ashes, and has a regular unchanged crater on its summit, in which a few small Twoleaved Pines are growing. These show that the age of the cone is not less than eighty years. It stands between two lakes, which a short time ago were one. Before the cone was built, a flood of rough

vesicular lava was poured into the lake, cutting it in two, and, overflowing its banks, the fiery flood advanced into the pine-woods, overwhelming the trees in its way, the charred ends of some of which may still be seen projecting from beneath the snout of the lava-stream where it came to rest. Later still there was an eruption of ashes and loose obsidian cinders, probably from the same vent, which, besides forming the Cinder Cone, scattered a heavy shower over the surrounding woods for miles to a depth of from six inches to several feet. The history of this last Sierra eruption is also preserved in the traditions of the Pitt River Indians.

They tell of a fearful time of darkness, when the sky was black with ashes and smoke that threatened every living thing with death, and that when at length the sun appeared once more it was red like blood.

Less recent craters in great numbers roughen the adjacent region ; some of them with lakes in their throats, others overgrown with trees and flowers. Nature in these old hearths and firesides having literally given beauty for ashes. On the northwest side of Mount Shasta there is a subordinate cone about 3000 feet below the summit, which has been active subsequent to the breaking up of the main ice-cap that once covered the mountain, as is shown by its comparatively unwasted crater and the streams of unglaciated lava radiating from it. The main summit is about a mile and a half in diameter, bounded by small crumbling peaks and ridges, among which we seek in vain for the outlines of the ancient crater. These ruinous masses, and the deep glacial grooves that flute the sides of the mountain, show that it has been considerably lowered and wasted by ice ; how much we have no sure means of knowing.

Just below the extreme summit hot sulphurous gases and vapor issue from irregular fissures, mixed with spray derived from melting snow, the last feeble expression of the mighty force that built the mountain. Not in one great convulsion was Shasta given birth. The crags of the summit and the sections exposed by the glaciers down the sides display enough of its internal framework to prove

that comparatively long periods of quiescence intervened between many distinct eruptions, during which the cooling lavas ceased to flow, and became permanent additions to the bulk of the growing mountain. With alternate haste and deliberation eruption succeeded eruption till the old volcano surpassed even its present sublime height. Standing on the icy top of this, the grandest of all the fire-mountains of the Sierra, we can hardly fail to look forward to its next eruption. Gardens, vineyards, homes have been planted confidently on the flanks of volcanoes which, after remaining steadfast for ages, have suddenly blazed into violent action, and poured forth overwhelming floods of fire. It is known that more than a thousand years of cool calm have intervened between violent eruptions. Like gigantic geysers spouting molten rock instead of water, volcanoes work and rest, and we have no sure means of knowing whether they are dead when still, or only sleeping.

Along the western base of the range a telling series of sedimentary rocks containing the early history of the Sierra are now being studied. But leaving for the present these first chapters, we see that only a very short geological time ago, just before the coming on of that winter of winters called the glacial period, a vast deluge of molten rocks poured from many a chasm and crater on the flanks and summit of the range, filling lake basins and river channels, and obliterating nearly every existing feature on the northern portion. At length these all-destroying floods ceased to flow. But while the great volcanic cones built up along the axis still burned and smoked, the whole Sierra passed under the domain of ice and snow. Then over the bald, featureless, fire-blackened mountains, glaciers began to crawl, covering them from the summits to the sea with a mantle of ice; and then with infinite deliberation the work went on of sculpturing the range anew. These mighty agents of erosion, halting never through unnumbered centuries, crushed and ground the flinty lavas and granites beneath their crystal folds, wasting and building until in the fullness of time the Sierra was born

again, brought to light nearly as we behold it to-day, with glaciers and snow-crushed pines at the top of the range, wheat-fields and orange-groves at the foot of it. This change from icy darkness and death to life and beauty was slow, as we count time, and is still going on, north and south, over all the world wherever glaciers exist, whether in the form of distinct rivers, as in Switzerland, Norway, the mountains of Asia, and the Pacific Coast; or in continuous mantling folds, as in portions of Alaska, Greenland, Franz-Joseph-Land, Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, and the lands about the South Pole. But in no country, as far as I know, may these majestic changes be studied to better advantage than in the plains and mountains of California.

Toward the close of the glacial period, when the snow-clouds became less fertile and the melting waste of sunshine became greater, the lower folds of the ice-sheet in California, discharging fleets of icebergs into the sea, began to shallow and recede from the lowlands, and then move slowly up the flanks of the Sierra in compliance with the changes of climate. The great white mantle on the mountains broke up into a series of glaciers more or less distinct and river-like, with many tributaries, and these again were melted and divided into still smaller glaciers, until now only a few of the smallest residual topmost branches of the grand system exist on the cool slopes of the summit peaks.

Plants and animals, biding their time, closely followed the retiring ice, bestowing quick and joyous animation on the new-born landscapes. Pine-trees marched up the sun-warmed moraines in long, hopeful files, taking the ground and establishing themselves as soon as it was ready for them; brown-spiked sedges fringed the shores of the newborn lakes; young rivers roared in the abandoned channels of the glaciers; flowers bloomed around the feet of the great burnished domes,—while with quick fertility mellow beds of soil, settling and warming, offered food to multitudes of Nature's waiting children, great and small, animals as well as plants; mice, squirrels, marmots, deer, bears, elephants, etc. The ground burst into bloom with

magical rapidity, and the young forests into birdsong: life in every form warming and sweetening and growing richer as the years passed away over the mighty Sierra so lately suggestive of death and consummate desolation only.

It is hard without long and loving study to realize the magnitude of the work done on these mountains during the last glacial period by glaciers, which are only streams of closely compacted snow-crystals. Careful study of the phenomena presented goes to show that the pre-glacial condition of the range was comparatively simple : one vast wave of stone in which a thousand mountains, domes, canons, ridges, etc., lay concealed. And in the development of these Nature chose for a tool not the earthquake or lightning to rend and split asunder, not the stormy torrent or eroding rain, but the tender snowflakes noiselessly falling through unnumbered centuries, the offspring of the sun and sea. Laboring harmoniously in united strength they crushed and ground and wore away the rocks in their march, making vast beds of soil, and at the same time developed and fashioned the landscapes into the delightful variety of hill and dale and lordly mountain that mortals call beauty. Perhaps more than a mile in average depth has the range been thus degraded during the last glacial period,—a quantity of mechanical work almost inconceivably great. And our admiration must be excited again and again as we toil and study and learn that this vast job of rockwork, so far-reaching in its influences, was done by agents so fragile and small as are these flowers of the mountain clouds. Strong only by force of numbers, they carried away entire mountains, particle by particle, block by block, and cast them into the sea; sculptured, fashioned, modeled all the range, and developed its predestined beauty. All these new Sierra landscapes were evidently predestined, for the physical structure of the rocks on which the features of the scenery depend was acquired while they lay at least a mile deep below the pre-glacial surface. And it was while these features were taking form in the depths of the range, the particles of the rocks marching to their appointed places in the dark with reference to the coming beauty,

that the particles of icy vapor in the sky marching to the same music assembled to bring them to the light. Then, after their grand task was done, these bands of snow-flowers, these mighty glaciers, were melted and removed as if of no more importance than dew destined to last but an hour. Few, however, of Nature's agents have left monuments so noble and enduring as they. The great granite domes a mile high, the canons as deep, the noble peaks, the Yosemite valleys, these, and indeed nearly all other features of the Sierra scenery, are glacier monuments.

Contemplating the works of these flowers of the sky, one may easily fancy them endowed with life messengers sent down to work in the mountain mines on errands of divine love. Silently flying through the darkened air, swirling, glinting, to their appointed places, they seem to have taken counsel together, saying, " Come, we are feeble ; let us help one another. We are many, and together we will be strong. Marching in close, deep ranks, let us roll away the stones from these mountain sepulchers, and set the landscapes free. Let us uncover these clustering domes. Here let us carve a lake basin; there, a Yosemite Valley ; here, a channel for a river with fluted steps and brows for the plunge of songful cataracts. Yonder let us spread broad sheets of soil, that man and beast may be fed; and here pile trains of boulders for pines and giant Sequoias. Here make ground for a meadow; there, for a garden and grove, making it smooth and fine for small daisies and violets and beds of heathy bryanthus, spicing it well with crystals, garnet feldspar, and zircon." Thus and so on it has oftentimes seemed to me sang and planned and labored the hearty snow-flower crusaders ; and nothing that I can write can possibly exaggerate the grandeur and beauty of their work. Like morning mist they have vanished in sunshine, all save the few small companies that still linger on the coolest mountainsides, and, as residual glaciers, are still busily at work completing the last of the lake basins, the last beds of soil, and the sculpture of some of the highest peaks.

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sanders-uses-rare-press-conference-to-echo-trumps-blame

theslot.- jezebel [dot] com/

MouthyFishwife

(to journo Ashley Reese, re Sarah H. Sanders) 10/29/18 6:49pm

She is so disgustingly good at what she does. She never answers a damn question or flinches or hesitates when full on lying or obfuscating her way out of shit. She's fucking horrid but a master. I'd ask her how she manages to justify it, but I don't really want to hear about some soldier for Christ rhetoric.

dancelikeithurts, to Ashley Reese 10/29/18 5:06pm

Sanders' internal rebuttal: "Guts?! You wanna ask about guts? I work every day for a man who boasts about sexually assaulting women, for a man who hires, promotes, endorses, even sends to the Supreme Court men who take joy from assaulting women. There's guts for you. I've burned every bridge I once had to credibility and toward a respectable career, don't talk to me about guts."

OMG!PONIES!, to Ashley Reese 10/29/18 5:19pm

When the guy who shoots up a synagogue during a bris to kill "globalist" Jews after you spent years making condemnation of globalist Jews a refrain during your rallies, you don't get to hide behind your Jewish son-in-law.

Especially when you have publicly referred to him as a globalist.

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Carl Sandburg

BY Mark Van Doren

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When he was fifty, Carl Sandburg once said, "there was puzzlement as to whether I was a poet, a biographer, a wandering troubadour with a guitar, a midwest Hans Christian Andersen, or a historian of current events whose newspaper reporting was gathered into a book, *The Chicago Race Riots*." This was before he had published the last four volumes of his *Abraham Lincoln*, or *The People, Yes*, or *Remembrance Rock*, or *Complete Poems*, or *Always the Young Strangers*, to make no mention of further works that might have made the puzzlement still greater. And yet there should never have been any puzzlement, for the first of all these things is what Sandburg plainly was from the beginning, and so it was until the end in 1967. Sandburg was a poet, and everybody knew he was. It was something that couldn't be missed, either in the author or in the man. "It could be, in the grace of God," he wrote at seventy-two, "I shall live to be eighty-nine, as did Hokusai" — and, we now may add, as did

Robert Frost. Sandburg had his wish, and the country mourned for a beloved poet who had never seemed old, so tough his strength was, so enduring his spirit, so unconquerable his humor and his own courageous love.

What does it mean to say that he was a poet even when he wrote prose, as on a gigantic scale he did? The six volumes of his Lincoln contain more words than either Shakespeare or the Bible; and they are a poem. But what does it mean to say that? The answer is in the force we feel as we read them: the force, the warmth, and the truth. Their author cares for his subject as if it were a living thing that must never be manhandled or downgraded. The Lincoln is composed as music is, and as poetry always ought to be, though frequently it is not. Vast as this biography is, it never marks time; momentous as the load is that it carries — millions of details, we sometimes think — it marches to its appointed end without missing a step. Its hero is one of the most interesting men who ever lived; but maybe we had not known this until Sandburg made it clear. He made it clear by staying with his man and watching, watching him by night, by day, lest some telltale thing be overlooked: some gesture, some spoken or written word, some reported conversation, some photograph, some portrait, some sidewise look, some mood only to be guessed, some anguish, some rejoicing, some silence, some melancholy — plenty indeed of that — and some laughter too, or at any rate some dry remark that made others laugh even when they thought they never could again. The Lincoln is saturated with its subject as few books have been. And yet it is never dull. For one thing, the humor in it is both Lincoln's and Sandburg's; so is the skepticism; so is the occasional despair; so is the sense of great things going on — greater than even the deepest intelligence is competent to control. Not that Sandburg deliberately reads his own character into that of Lincoln. The identification is profounder and cleaner than that. His hope is to understand Lincoln; and it is such a passionate hope that only by some miracle could it fail. It did not fail. This is the Lincoln we shall know.

We know him in this enormous book as others knew him in his time. Sandburg, faced with the problem of whether a contemporary anecdote about Lincoln is or is not authentic, prefers the generous solution: he puts it in for color and completeness. Like Herodotus in his history, he refuses to be pedantic about legends. He knows they have their own truth, even if in this case it is no more than the truth concerning what people thought Lincoln was. For Sandburg all of that belongs, and rightly. The result is a tissue of evidence incomparably rich and thick. It can remind us of the Sandburg who, not content with writing nearly a thousand poems of his own, collected in *The American Songbag* the poetry of a people, the folk-songs of a nation, clearly in the faith that poetry itself is more than a personal thing, more than the work of this or that self-conscious man. It can remind us too of the Sandburg who, not content with phrasing his own poems in the American vernacular, ransacked popular speech for sayings that compete in their saltiness with the very best of his. He did not in fact compete with his countrymen in *The People, Yes*; he collaborated with them, again in the faith that good things are everywhere if we can only find them. The world for him was as full of poetry as his Lincoln is of its subject: its subject being, in addition to Lincoln himself, all the persons who surrounded him — Sumner, Seward, Sherman, Grant, Wade, Blair, Speed, Stanton, Davis, Porter; and beyond those, the millions who merely thought or felt about him and upon occasion said this or sang that. In a word, Sandburg let history tell itself as only history can. His reach was

wide and far out. Nothing of the slightest pertinence escaped him. There is God's plenty in that book.

It may even be Sandburg's greatest poem, if our definition of poetry is liberal enough to include it. Not that this matters, for there is the Complete Poems too, and once we are lost in that we ask for nothing better. Sandburg's own "Tentative Definitions of Poetry," printed as a preface to Good Morning, America, apply to his prose as well as his verse. At least these nine do, chosen more or less at random out of the thirty-eight:

Poetry is an art practised with the terribly plastic material of human language.

Poetry is the report of a nuance between two moments, when people say, 'Listen!' and 'Did you see it?' 'Did you hear it? What was it?' Poetry is a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanations.

Poetry is a search for syllables to shoot at the barriers of the unknown and the unknowable.

Poetry is any page from a sketchbook of outlines of a doorknob with thumb-prints of dust, blood, dreams.

Poetry is the harnessing of the paradox of earth cradling life and then entombing it.

Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during a moment.

Poetry is a pack-sack of invisible keepsakes.

Poetry is a shuffling of boxes of illusions buckled with a strap of facts.

"Horizons too swift for explanations," "the barriers of the unknown and the unknowable," "the paradox of earth cradling life and then entombing it," "boxes of illusions" — there is the essence of Sandburg, particularly if we remember what he called the "strap of facts." The newspaperman in him never turned his back on facts; the rest of him went on to where there are no facts, but only guesses and headshakings — "Listen! Did you see it? Did you hear it? What was it?" He was fascinated by what he could know and by what no man can know, however hard he tries. Perhaps the motive behind his researches into popular wisdom that led to the publication of The People, Yes was a hope that average men — if such a term is permissible — knew things that scientists and philosophers and even poets did not know. But lo and behold, their doubts were deepest of all. A Minnesota Swede had told him: "Maybe I don't know so much but what I do know

I know to beat hell." The chorus of voices, however, drowned out that Swede :

All I know is what I hear.

All I know is what I read in the papers.

All I know you can put in a thimble.

All I know I keep forgetting.

Ask me no questions and I tell you no lies.

These were answers to whoever it was that said .

You don't know enough to come in when it rains.

You don't know beans when the bag is open.

You don't know enough to pound sand in a rat hole.

But the answer might have been, as we read in *Smoke and Steel*:

"Since you know all
and I know nothing,
tell me what I dreamed last night."

The people, like Sandburg himself, and like Lincoln who was his hero, had doubts so deep that you could grow dizzy with looking down into the well of their uncertainty. The only certain thing was death, yet even death had a simple riddle to propound :

Nothing more certain than death and nothing more uncertain than the hour.

There it was: When? Smart as you might be, you could never outfox death, who came when he pleased for reasons of his own you would never guess. The people, again like Sandburg, and again like Lincoln, were positively addicted to the thought of death. Only the thought, however; not the knowledge, for death is something we know nothing about till it is too late to tell.

Sandburg's thirty-eight definitions of poetry — tentative, you remember— suggest that the art for him was an art of improvisation: the quick view, quickly taken. Not for him the slow, careful building up of effects by formal means. He scorned meter and rhyme, just as he ignored the principle of organization. Always he was interested in detail, and the best way for him to handle detail was the way he took: sprinkles of words, dabs of color and line, until somehow the item had exhausted his attention. Hence it is that his best known poems — and they are his best— tend to be the short ones. The longer ones have their magnificence, but the magnificence still comes from an accumulation, even a profusion, of details. Hence it is also that he feels free only when he thinks he has escaped from form. He seems to have known nothing about the freedom that flows from mastery of form. A master of form is not a slave to it because he is a master. And Sandburg doubtless did know this; but he had found what could be called his own form, if form it was — a fast-running series of sentences or phrases whose rhythm was the rhythm of prose, not verse, though the rhythm was there, and in a sufficient number of cases it was so distinctly and powerfully there that we never hesitated to call him a poet. Of course that is what he was. And he was a happy poet precisely because he had found the style that fitted his thought. The search of every artist is for such a style, for a vein

in him which, once it has been opened, carries him without effort down all the streams of his thought and feeling. Sandburg's whole life was available to him as he wrote: everything he had seen, heard, touched, or imagined. Nothing was prosaic; all was poetry, from the slightest and nearest thing to the greatest and farthest away.

If the same thing was true of Emily Dickinson, whom Sandburg admired, he evidently did not pause to consider how bound she let herself be by stanzas and rhymes. Far from limiting her, these seemed actually to release her, though Whitman in her time was no less scornful than Sandburg of what he called "piano tunes." In Sandburg's own time there was Robert Frost, whom no one ever supposed to be a victim of, say, iambic pentameter. Frost could do anything he pleased with that, and he pleased to do many things. Sandburg, choosing another way, had his own happiness to hammer out. He did hammer it out, knowing, as he once said, that "in the spacious highways of books major or minor, each poet is allowed the stride that will get him where he wants to go if, God help him, he can hit that stride and keep it." Sandburg hit it and kept it, walking through the world with others by his side — all of the others, for he never felt alone in the family of man, whose voices he overheard as if they were his very own, saying such things as these from *The People*, Yes:

I took so much medicine I was sick a long time after I got well.

Put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket.

Blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed.

I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way.

You can't tell him anything because he thinks he knows more now than he gets paid for.

He always takes off his hat when he mentions his own name.

The time to sell is when you have a customer.

"Which way to the post office, boy?" "I don't know." "You don't know much, do you?" "No, but I ain't lost."

"Didn't you hear me holler for help?" "Yes, but you're such a liar I didn't think you meant it."

How could I let go when it was all I could do to hold on?

In Vermont a shut-mouthed husband finally broke forth to his wife, "When I think of how much you have meant to me all these years, it is almost more than I can do sometimes to keep from telling you so."

Not that this is the only idiom he shares with the rest of the race. There is one idiom he shares with nobody else at all. It is the lonely idiom of moon-whirls and fogwisp he walks through sometimes by himself. Perhaps he cultivated this idiom in a conscious attempt to surprise those readers who thought of him as nothing but a Chicago poet, a tough customer with swagger in his stride: hog butcher, tool maker, stacker of wheat, freight handler,

stormy, husky, brawling. Even those readers of Chicago Poems , however, should have read on to the fourth poem, "Lost" :

Desolate and alone

All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,

The whistle of a boat
Galls and cries unendingly,

Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

And there were other poems like it, though they were less talked of than their broad-chested brethren. Perhaps there was too much talk of Sandburg's toughness. He knew he was tender, too; and so, conceivably, he overdid the tenderness in later volumes, becoming too moony and misty for anything, too evanescent, too sheer, too delicate and fading. In the long run this did not matter, for his tenderness, being genuine, had its own strength, and this strength is manifest in plenty of places. Yet the threat of softness, the one thing he surely despised, was present to the end.

The strength, nevertheless, is not absent long, and the sign of it is a rhythm so distinct and powerful, and so organically ordered, that the poet in Sandburg may be said to have become formal after all. His best poems have an intensity not to be mistaken, a drive toward their own ends that nothing can stop. A fine example is "Three Spring Notations on Bipeds," whose long and short lines compose a perfect piece of music:

The down drop of the blackbird,

The wing catch of arrested flight,

The stop midway and then off :
off for triangles, circles, loops
of new hieroglyphs —

This is April's way : a woman :

"O yes, I'm here again and your heart
knows I was coming."

White pigeons rush at the sun,

A marathon of wing feats is on :

"Who most loves danger? Who most loves
wings? Who somersaults for God's sake
in the name of wing power
in the sun and blue
on an April Thursday?"

So ten winged heads, ten winged feet,
race their white forms over Elmhurst.

They go fast: once the ten together were
a feather of foam bubble, a chrysanthemum
whirl speaking to silver and azure.
The child is on my shoulders.

In the prairie moonlight the child's legs
hang over my shoulders.

She sits on my neck and I hear her calling
me a good horse.

She slides down — and into the moon silver of
a prairie stream

She throws a stone and laughs at the clug-clug.

Not only is the rhythm of each notation ordered toward an end, and therefore sufficient for its purpose, but the movement of the whole varies from section to section: swift in the first, tumultuous in the second, and quiet in the third as befits human bipeds, a father and his little daughter, taking their ease in prairie moonlight beside a prairie stream without any velocity worth mentioning.

A different movement informs c Bas-Relief , a priceless picture of five geese on the march. The poem itself is a march : triumphant, absurd, wonderful— all of these things somehow together:

Five geese deploy mysteriously.

Onward proudly with flagstuffs,

Hearses with silver bugles,

Bushels of plum-blossoms dropping
For ten mystic web-feet —

Each his own drum-major,
Each charged with the honor
Of the ancient goose nation,

Each with a nose-length surpassing
The nose-lengths of rival nations.

Somberly, slowly, unimpeachably,

Five geese deploy mysteriously.

The remarkable thing here — or one remarkable thing among many that might be cited — is that Sandburg finds the geese laughable and admirable at the same time; they are ridiculous, yet their dignity is beyond dispute. It is so far beyond dispute, in fact, as to make us wonder whether we should

have laughed. This is seriousness indeed, and perhaps it is sublime. Sandburg's instinct was always to poke fun at pomp, as for instance in a bit of dialogue that appears without warning in *The People*, Yes:

"I am John Jones."

"Take a chair."

"Yes, and I am the son of John Throckmorton Jones."

"Is that possible? Take two chairs."

Yet as likely as not he reveals a lurking fondness for the personage he asks us to smile at — not John Jones, of course, but certainly General Winfield Scott, whom Lincoln found at the head of the United States Army when he went to Washington in 1861.

Six feet five inches tall, three hundred pounds of weight, in shining gold braid and buttons, in broad epaulets and a long plumed hat, when he walked he seemed almost a parade by himself. . . . Small boys waited of a morning to see him come out of his house and move like six regiments toward a waiting carriage. What with age, dropsy, vertigo, and old bullets to carry, he could no longer mount a horse.

Between our smiles we too must admire such a man. Nothing is more interesting about Sandburg than this gift of being able to laugh at what he loved. It was the sign and seal, the sure proof, the hallmark of his humor. And he could deliver its effect in verse as well as in prose. He was never more of a poet than when he was doing so.

In the volume *Smoke and Steel* there is a poem, "Red-Headed Restaurant Cashier," that presses someone to laugh who presumably never has, who worries, who doubts:

Shake back your hair, O red-headed girl.

Let go your laughter and keep your two proud freckles
on your chin.

Somewhere is a man looking for a red-headed girl and
some day maybe he will look into your eyes for a
restaurant cashier and find a lover, maybe.

Around and around go ten thousand men hunting a
red headed girl with two freckles on her chin.

I have seen them hunting, hunting.

Shake back your hair; let go your laughter.

Both exaggeration and understatement are there. Ten thousand men — could it be that many? Maybe. And the girl, though she has not heard the poet speak, thinks better of herself: she has chances after all. Yet the poet, even if he did speak, disguised the purpose he had of comforting her with

the thought that she is desirable. He disguised it by exaggerating, as if he knew she knew that reassurance had been unnecessary. Which is too much to say of so short and simple a poem. Yet it is not simple either, unless humanity itself is simple, as all of us know in our bones it is not.

Anyone who has heard wind in a ripe cornfield will remember that it never ceased while he stood and listened; of all incessant sounds it is the king. The poem "Laughing Corn" renders this fact of nature with high spirits and a weird, almost unearthly accuracy:

There was a high majestic fooling
Day before yesterday in the yellow com.

And day after to-morrow in the yellow com
There will be high majestic fooling.

The ears ripen in late summer
And come on with a conquering laughter,

Come on with a high and conquering laughter.
The long-tailed blackbirds are hoarse.

One of the smaller blackbirds chitters on a stalk
And a spot of red is on its shoulder
And I never heard its name in my life.

Some of the ears are bursting.
A white juice works inside.

Gomsilk creeps in the end and dangles in the wind.
Always— I never knew it any other way —

The wind and the corn talk things over together.
And the rain and the com and the sun and the corn

Talk things over together.
Over the road is the farmhouse.

The siding is white and a green blind is slung loose.
It will not be fixed till the corn is husked.

The farmer and his wife talk things over together.

"Talk things over together" — a necessity in Sandburg's world, where wind and grass and trees and lake waves all have tongues, where pumpkins speak,

I am a jack-o'-lantern
With terrible teeth
And the children know
I am fooling —

where mist whispers and the moon knows all the languages of man. Talk, endless talk, was the very breath of his being. And in the end it was human talk. He made over every object, animate or inanimate, in the image of our species. His Lincoln was a talker, not a monument in bronze or marble.

The People, Yes is talk, nothing but talk. He simply could not do without it; and there were all those years when his guitar and he talked things over together: a high majestic fooling or sometimes just plain fooling.

So it is not surprising that birds for him were men and women too. Wrens, for instance, in the poem he called "People of the Eaves, I Wish You Good Morning":

The wrens have troubles like us. The house of a wren will not run itself any more than the house of a man.

They chatter the same as two people in a flat where the laundry came back with the shirts of another man and the shimmy of another woman.

The shirt of a man wren and the shimmy of a woman wren are a trouble in the wren house. It is this or something else back of this chatter a spring morning.

Trouble goes so quick in the wren house. Now they are hopping wren jigs beaten off in a high wren staccato time.

People of the eaves, I wish you good-morning, I wish you a thousand thanks.

A thousand thanks for what? For being alive, for being there, and for being people. It may be that Sandburg didn't know about another human trait in wrens; if he didn't, he would certainly have liked to. The male wren arrives first in the spring; busily builds a nest by fitting twigs into the cavity he has chosen; and when the female arrives, greets her with passionate proud song, flying up and down and back and forth as if to say, "See? It's ready!" but she without a word tears all the twigs out and starts building again from scratch. "The wrens have troubles like us." Indeed they do.

One of Sandburg's characters — the Complete Poems is among other things a gallery of characters — might almost be a bird, he is so fond of light. He is of course a man, but he has an amusing obsession which the title of the poem where he appears, "Foolish About Windows," makes evident:

I was foolish about windows.

The house was an old one and the windows were small.

I asked a carpenter to come and open the walls and put in bigger windows.

"The bigger the window the more it costs," he said.

"The bigger the cheaper," I said.

So he tore off siding and plaster and laths
And put in a big window and bigger windows.
I was hungry for windows.

One neighbor said, "If you keep on you'll be
able to see everything there is."

I answered, "That'll be all right, that'll be
classy enough for me."

Another neighbor said, "Pretty soon your house
will be all windows."

And I said, "Who would the joke be on then?"
And still another, "Those who live in glass
houses gather no moss."

And I said, "Birds of a feather should not throw
stones and a soft answer turneth away rats."

This poem is written in the first person, but we do not need to assume that Sandburg is the man, unless the dance of proverbs at the end — distorted, too — reminds us of *The People, Yes* and of its author's propensity to caper, as he does in still another punch-drunk poem called "Snatch of Slipshorn Jazz" :

Are you happy? It's the only
way to be, kid.

Yes, be happy, it's a good nice
way to be.

But not happy-happy, kid, don't
be too doubled-up doggone happy.

It's the doubled-up doggone happy-
happy people . . . bust hard . . . they
do bust hard . . . when they bust.

Be happy, kid, go to it, but not too
doggone happy.

Sandburg has many poems of death and of the desolation time works in the world, yet they alternate with poems of happiness so complete that he scarcely knows what to say about it. Once he merely beheld a happy man, a man he stood awhile and watched, and doubtless wondered at, though in the perfect and famous poem that celebrates him he suppresses all comment. The poem is one of his earliest, and he calls it "Fish Crier" :

I know a Jew fish crier down on Maxwell Street with a voice like a
north wind blowing over corn stubble in January.

He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing a joy identi-

cal with that of Pavlowa dancing.

His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.

The humor of this carries no condescension in it, though there can be no doubt about the humor. The fish crier, unaware that he is being watched, pursues his trade with a solemnity both funny and wonderful, both absurd and ineffable; and who knows that he doesn't think so too? Possibly not, but there is a joy in him that passes into Sandburg, then into us, then on to God knows where. Nothing in Sandburg is more attractive than his power to pick out of the human throng such precious persons as this one is. We can believe, and we do believe as we keep reading on, that Sandburg never finds any individual to be of merely neutral interest. He might be against him rather than for him — usually he is for him, since his capacity for affection is unlimited — but even then he is the farthest thing from unmoved.

He can even be moved by dreariness, by the drab spectacle of people in whose faces he finds neither hope nor joy. "Halsted Street Car" in Chicago Poems presents such a spectacle :

Come you, cartoonists,

Hang on a strap with me here
At seven o'clock in the morning
On a Halsted street car.

Take your pencils
And draw these faces.

Try with your pencils for these crooked faces,

That pig-sticker in one corner — his mouth —

That overall factory girl — her loose cheeks.

Find for your pencils
A way to mark your memory
Of tired empty faces.

After their night's sleep,

In the moist dawn
And cool daybreak,

Faces

Tired of wishes,

Empty of dreams.

"Tired of wishes" — that is even better than "empty of dreams," but both are marvels of phrasing, both are precise as only the best writing ever is.

Their theme is expanded in a later and longer poem, "Whiffs of the Ohio River at Cincinnati." It has two parts, and the only connection between them may be the fact that Sandburg is a spectator in both — purely a spectator, musing as he watches two girls, two men, and finally the beautiful river which flows on by them all regardless :

A young thing in spring green slippers, stockings,
silk vivid as lilac-time grass,

And a red line of a flaunt of fresh silk again up under
her chin —

She slipped along the street at half-past six in the evening,
came out of the stairway where her street address is,
where she has a telephone number —

Just a couple of blocks from the street next to the
Ohio river, where men sit in chairs tipped back,
watching the evening lights on the water of the
Ohio river —

She started out for the evening, dark brown calf eyes,
roaming and hunted eyes,

And her young wild ways were not so young any more,
nor so wild.

Another evening primrose stood in a stairway, with a
white knit sweater fitting her shoulders and ribs close.

She asked a young ballplayer passing for a few kind words
and a pleasant look— and he slouched up to her like an
umpire calling a runner out at the home plate — he
gave her a few words and passed on.

She had bells on, she was jingling, and yet — her young
wild ways were not so young any more, nor so wild.

When I asked for fish in the restaurant facing the Ohio
river, with fish signs and fish pictures all over the
wooden, crooked frame of the fish shack, the young
man said, "Come around next Friday— the fish is all
gone today."

So, I took eggs, fried, straight up, one side, and he mur-
mured, humming, looking out at the shining breast of
the Ohio river, "And the next is something else; and
the next is something else."

The customer next was a hoarse roustabout, handling nail
kegs on a steamboat all day, asking for three eggs,
sunny side up, three, nothing less, shake us a mean pan
of eggs.

And while we sat eating eggs, looking at the shining breast

of the Ohio river in the evening lights, he had his thoughts and I had mine thinking how the French who found the Ohio river named it La Belle Riviere meaning a woman easy to look at.

She had bells on, she was jingling; yet she was not so young any more; and now she is utterly gone. So is the hoarse man who ordered three eggs, nothing less. And so is the poet who watched them, missing nothing. Only the beautiful river is there, and even it is not so young any more, nor so wild. Therefore it might be well to let Carl Sandburg tell us goodbye in the name of something he knew to be everlasting, and so do we. His famous poem "Grass" will have the final word :

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.

Shovel them under and let me work—

I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg

And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.

Shovel them under and let me work.

Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:

What place is this?

Where are we now?

I am the grass.

Let me work.

=====

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"BOEING'S GO ROUND HOUSE" - "SO YOU WANT TO BE A DIVE BOMBER PILOT?"

Chapter 2

from the LA etext of
My Life in JAZZ
by MAX KAMINSKY
with V. E. Hughes
1963

By the time I was fourteen I had become known around Boston as a hot trumpet player and the local musicians began hiring me for jobs at dance halls and college fraternity houses, the only two places where there was any audience for hot music in those days. One good thing you can say for Boston, there is no scarcity of colleges and universities. But till now I had not even heard the name, let alone the music, of Bix Beiderbecke or Louis Armstrong. My favorite band in those days was Pearly Breed's, which used to broadcast from Shepherd's Colonial Tea Room in Boston, with Warren Hookway on trumpet. These musicians had heard the recordings of Bix Beiderbecke's Wolverines and they tried to play jazz. I thought this was the greatest band I'd ever heard, and up to then it was.

Then my sister Betty bought a phonograph, and on the "race" records that came with it as a bonus I heard for the first time Bessie Smith, Maggie Jones, Ma Rainey, James P. Johnson, Louis Armstrong and others of the great Negro artists* They all sounded wonderful to me, but I wasn't aware of any special difference or distinction in their music, which I swallowed as unquestioningly as I did Pearly Breed's music. All I remember

is my sister Betty singing her favorite blues from a Maggie Jones record while she dusted the furniture and mopped the floors:

*Miss Lizzie Green of New Orleans
Runs a good-time flat.
The other day I heard her say
Things are goin' bad:
Can't sell no whiskey, can't sell no gin . . .*

One night that fall, Elliott Daniels, who later played piano in Rudy Vallee's band, called me to play a dance at the YMHA. During the course of the evening I became friendly with one of

the saxophone players, Sam Faber, and he asked me whom I liked in music.

"Pearly Breed and Ted Lewis," I said promptly, and I was puzzled and a little hurt when he smiled at my answer. I met Arthur Karle then, too, another saxophone player, who offered me a job playing weekends down at Cape Cod, during the spring and summer of 1924. I'd have to leave school early on Friday afternoons, so Arthur went to the school principal, Mr. Owens, a distinguished, august gentleman, who to my surprise and joy granted me permission to do so. The musicians would come by for me in a Ford touring car and as soon as we were well away from the school they'd guzzle gin all the way out to the Cape. They never pressed it on me, though, and they all took good care of me, especially Arthur.

One of the jobs I especially enjoyed was playing for the silent movies. In those days the dance halls would often put on a movie first as an added attraction, and we'd play for that and for the dancing afterward. Sometimes we'd get swinging so good we'd forget to keep track of the story. One time when I remembered to glance up at the screen I discovered we were playing "Tiger Rag" during a funeral scene. Every musician who has ever played for the silent movies seems to have had a similar experience. The audience was so gripped with emotion that it was oblivious to everything but the movie, and it became a regular gag with the band to tear into "Hold That Tiger" whenever a heart-rending scene was in progress. We never had a single complaint.

Then one afternoon I met Sam Faber again on the trolley and he began talking to me about Bix Beiderbecke. When I said I'd never heard of him Sam rushed me home with him then and there to listen to his records. "This is the time to come, while my father is out," he said. It seemed that his father, who had a very successful custom-tailor business in Boston, was determined to make a pants cutter out of Sam, and Sam had to sneak out of the house at night to play in bands.

But although I liked the sound of them, I wasn't too impressed when I first heard Beiderbecke's Wolverine records at Sam's house. I listened intently while Sam put on "Jam Me Blues," "Sensation Rag," and "Big Boy," but it was too much for me to take in all at once, and it wasn't until a year later, when I heard Beiderbecke in person, that I really got it,

I was seventeen and in my third year of high school when Bix Beiderbecke came to Boston with Jean Goldkette's band that spring of 1926. The band was to open at a dance hall in Newton called Nutting-on-the-Charles, a large rambling wooden structure built over the tranquil Charles River. It was so flimsy that when I worked there myself later and the dancers really began stomping we used to wonder if the building would last the night. Nutting-on-the-Charles was quite a romantic spot, with couples in canoes drifting lazily along the river, and it was very popular with amorous college boys as well as with the ones who came to dance. There has, in fact, always been great enthusiasm for dance bands in New England. It was in New England that many of the big swing bands of the thirties had their start, and one of the main reasons for this was the Schirman brothers, Charlie and Sy, who were the owners of a huge chain of dance halls throughout the northeast. Charlie Schirman, who especially loved jazz and helped it every chance he had, was already bringing in jazz bands way back in 1924.

Jean Goldkette's band was one of the first white jazz bands of the twenties, with Beiderbecke, Bill Rank, Tommy Dorsey, Frankie Trumbauer, Don Murray, Doc Ryker, and Izzy Riskin, and their appearance in Boston was something I didn't want to miss. Charlie Schirman was afraid that the public wouldn't get it at first though, so he had two other bands on hand to ensure a successful engagement, which he promoted as a Triple Battle of Music.

I had saved up just enough money at that time to make the down payment on a Model-T Ford, and on Monday, the opening night, I rushed through my supper, shined my shoes, put on my best suit, and rattled out to Newton at twenty miles an hour. Mai Hallett's orchestra, a very popular local band that combined comedy routines with dance music, went on first and nearly knocked itself out putting on a whole big show; then Barney Rapp's band, which was just coming into prominence then, did all its acts; and finally the Jean Goldkette band came on. Charlie Schirman could have saved himself a lot of worry and expense. They opened with "Pretty Girl Stomp," went on to "Ostrich Walk," "A Sunny Disposish," "Clap Yo' Hands," and ended with "Tiger Rag," and they were such a stunning sensation that when the furor died down and it was time for Mai Hallett's band to play again, neither his musicians nor Barney Rapp's men would pick up their instruments.

"How can you follow that?" Mai Hallett asked plaintively,

and the crowd wasn't bashful about letting him know they agreed with him. Nobody had heard anything like this music before.

Neither had I. It had taken my eyes to open my ears. I understood now what Sam Faber had been trying to tell me with his records. I just sat there, vibrating like a harp to the echoes of Bix's astoundingly beautiful tone. It sounded like a choirful of angels. When I did work up the courage to go over to speak to Beiderbecke during one of the intermissions, I was still so overcome I could hardly get a word out. After a few minutes I realized it was a tossup as to who was more shy, Bix or me. He kept his eyes fixed on his shiny black shoes and solemnly nodded his round blond head at each halting word as I tried to tell him how wonderful the band sounded. It was like talking to an automated toy. Suddenly I remembered having heard that he liked baseball. Taking a deep breath, I blurted out an invitation to take him to a game the next day. At the mention of baseball, Bix's diffidence vanished and he straightened up and looked at me.

"Sounds fine to me," he said in a soft-pitched Midwest accent. He told me that Goldkette had rented a house for the band in Sudbury, a suburb of Boston, and I arranged to pick him up there the next afternoon. The Model-T never touched the road all the way home.

The next day I skipped school and drove out to Sudbury around noon. My high school career at best was a very sketchy one, but my mother knew what music meant to me and she understood I wasn't running wild. Most of the time in school I was so sleepy from playing late the night before that I was kind of vague about what was going on, and I always felt out of touch with my schoolmates since none of them knew or cared about the one thing I was interested in. I seemed to wake up only during music class, or when, on the stairs between classes, I ran across Harry Carney, who later joined Duke Ellington's band; I was always so glad to see him and talk about music.

The Goldkette band was rehearsing when I arrived at Bix's boardinghouse the next noon, and I stood in a corner at the back of the room and listened to "Blue Room" and "Riverboat Shuffle" a piece Hoagy Carmichael had written for Bix and the Wolverines. Goldkette wasn't there; in fact, he never appeared on the bandstand; he busied himself entirely with the booking and managerial chores of his various bands. The ar-

rangers Bill Challis and George Crozier led the band during rehearsals. Before we left for Braves Field to watch Casey Stengel's Braves lose, Bix took me up to his room after rehearsal, where we talked for a while about music. His sympathetic interest so encouraged me that I asked him if he would write out a hot chorus of "Blue Room" for me to practice, and he obligingly fished a piece of manuscript paper out of the pile of sheet music on the littered table next to the bed and wrote out a thirty-two-bar chorus in about three minutes. Even in the heat of improvising Bix was wholly aware of his sequences and afterward he could reconstruct exactly what he had played. When I questioned him about a weird G-sharp that didn't look to me like it had any business being there, he explained about the use of passing tones to give color or tonal accent to a phrase, and he went on to discuss anticipation playing notes of the melody a hairbreadth before the strict time. The use of anticipation, without rushing, which is all a part of making the music swing, was just getting to be understood then.

I was terribly worried all that afternoon about how to keep a conversation going with Beiderbecke, but eventually I discovered he had no need of small talk; he seemed to be busy all the time with his own thoughts. Aside from music and baseball, he had only one other form of communication, if you could call it that; he'd land of turn aside and sing a little snatch from a Bessie Smith or an Ethel Waters blues record. "The whole song is right there in that phrase hear it?" he'd say suddenly. A gentle, silent man with a dreamy, preoccupied manner, he was one of the most fascinating persons to be with that I have ever known, for no reason that can be explained except that his playing cast such a spell over you that you were irresistibly drawn to him, in awe and gratitude and love. He felt that, of course, and he responded to it in his own inarticulate way. All he ever really seemed to care about were music and whiskey. He was a man who was always trying to find a piano. During intermissions Bix would remain on the bandstand and mess around at the keyboard for his own kicks. A couple of years later when I met Bix again in Chicago at a speakeasy called the Three Deuces, he disappeared after a while and I discovered him later seated at a battered old upright in a corner of the darkened downstairs dining room, playing to an audience of empty, checker-clothed tables. I sat down at one of the tables and listened while he spun out notes from a silver spool. His piano style had the same crystal purity of tone, the same perfect taste, and the same melodic grace that flowed from his horn, but it was more impressionistic. When Bix played regular jazz piano he sounded exactly like Bix the same char-

acteristic use of haunting intervals, the same exquisite hot phrasing. He didn't play ragtime style, ever. Bix's modern piano pieces, such as "Flashes," "Candlelight," and "In a Mist," were composed in the same feeling as Willie the Lion Smith's impressionistic studies, such as "Morning Air" they were a feeling-out for a new form without scrapping the old.

During one of our talks about music, Bix once told me that when he was playing the horn he thought like a pianist rather than a cornetist. He automatically and instantaneously transposed, so that while fingering the B-flat on the cornet he had it in his mind and ear as the A-flat it was on the piano, and I suppose that in his head he heard the richer harmonies of the piano tones. It was characteristic, too, of Bix that he never tapped his foot to keep time. The tempo and the swing that modeled his phrases funneled out like steam rising from the spout of a boiling kettle. Another idiosyncrasy of Bix's was that as a further means of ensuring the mellow tone he loved he purposely kept his horn funky, never cleaning out the dried spittle that accumulates in the valves and mouthpiece. He had no use at all for a hard, brilliant sound.

Louis Armstrong and Beiderbecke were the ones who gave a classical form to the crude raw material of jazz. When Beiderbecke was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1903, Louis Armstrong was barely three years old, and jazz itself was actually only a few years older. Of course, it had taken the music a long time to become jazz nearly three hundred years of bouncing back and forth between the black man and the white man but the colored brass marching bands in the South and Midwest had begun to really swing their music only a short time earlier, a bare decade or so before the turn of the century.

As a child of three Bix was picking out phrases from classical music by ear on the family piano, and as a boy he heard the colored jazz bands from New Orleans playing on the Mississippi riverboats, which docked at his home town, but it was from phonograph records that he taught himself to play both jazz and the cornet. The records from which he learned were those of a band of white New Orleans musicians, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, who in 1917 made the first jazz records, which were a sensational worldwide hit. Bix especially admired the cornet player in this band, Nick LaRocca, who was also self-taught. The O.D.J.B. band as a whole was pretty primitive and they played to a ragtime beat, but they did much to popularize the new music. It wasn't until he was in Chicago in 1921, attend-

ing Lake Forest Military Academy, that Bix had a chance to get a real earful of the Negro jazzmen, including the youthful Louis Armstrong, who came up from New Orleans the following year to join King Oliver's band. The Wolverines, a band of college boys from Indiana which Bix joined in 1923, was the first jazz band of white musicians in the Midwest.

But back in 1926 I didn't know anything about the music and Bix except that they both sounded wonderful. A few days after the ball-game episode the Goldkette band was booked in Salem at another of Charlie Schribman's dance halls. It was a muggy, oppressive night, with a storm threatening. My brother Morris came along with me and at the hall we sat up in the balcony for a while, but the storm, when it broke, was so violent that it drove me down by the bandstand where I could hear, and where I immediately got into trouble. As soon as they saw me, the musicians, who were all young and enthusiastic, began urging me to sit in. Torn between desire and despair, I kept saying, "Later," in what I hoped was a casual manner. While I was wondering what to do, the lights blew out in the dance hall just as the band kicked off with "Sunday," and in the sudden darkness I found sudden courage. Turning quickly to Bix, I muttered, "I'll sit in now." Bix handed me his horn at once. When the lights came on again a few choruses later, the whole band made a big thing about being surprised to see me on horn instead of Bix, and I thought my brother Morris up in the balcony would never stop clapping. I was so exhilarated by the musicians' kindness that when Bix told me they were playing in Lowell the next day I promptly offered to drive him there. I would have made a car if I didn't have one and the devil with the truant officer.

When I arrived at the boardinghouse the following day, Bix was at the piano, as usual, playing a passage from a new symphony the musicians were discussing. Bix's interest in classical music, especially the modern impressionists Debussy and Delius and MacDowell, and Eastwood Lane intrigued me, and I began listening to the Sunday symphony broadcasts to find out what it was all about. On the way to Lowell, Bix said, "Listen, Maxie, I'm going to leave the band when we finish this New England engagement, and I'll tell Goldkette to hire you in my place." I nearly ran into a ditch* I knew I couldn't play well enough to be in the Goldkette band, and he knew it too, of course, but this was a thoroughly typical, Bix-like gesture of generosity and friendship.

By the time we got into Boston he was asking me where he

could latch on to some gin. Though I was too young to care about drinking myself, I knew where to get it even during Prohibition, and within a very short while I got hold of a quart of alcohol and a quart of ginger ale. When we reached Lowell it was dark and I was starving. Bix was agreeable about it when I asked him if he minded if we stopped for something to eat, but he wasn't the man to let food interfere with his drinking. He contentedly polished off the alcohol, washing it down with ginger ale, while I devoured a couple of hot dogs. That night at Lowell he played like an angel.

After the dance I drove Bix to the Hawthorne Hotel in Salem, and Bix decided that since it was so late I'd better stay with him overnight. I went right off to sleep with my nose buried in the pillow to shut out the smell of his dirty socks steaming in the washbasin, but I had the feeling he didn't sleep much, ever. That's all part of the legend about Beiderbecke he's as famous for all the buddies and fans who have put him up or bunked with him as George Washington is for having slept here, and he is equally famous for his avoidance of water, internally and externally. He had that Huckleberry Finn quality of homelessness and rebelliousness about him, but in spite of the dirt and the whiskey everybody loved Bix so much they just wanted to stick around him. I remarked to my sister Rose the next day, "I love the way he plays, but I can't stand the way he lives."

I had another glimpse of Bix when I went to New York in 1927 to take a lesson from Mr. Schlossberg, a famous trumpet teacher who taught all the great legitimate players. I used to have a lot of trouble with my embouchure in those days, and when I inquired about a teacher from Johnny Asevido, a trumpet player in Jacques Renard's orchestra whose control of his horn I had always admired, he recommended Schlossberg. When I had enough money saved up for a lesson I came down to New York, and then I found out that Paul Whiteman was recording that afternoon in Liederkrantz Hall. I made a fast detour to East Fifty-eighth Street, staying to watch them record two sides "Louisiana" and "Lonely Melody." From the record you wouldn't know Bix was playing the lead. It isn't true, of course, that Bix couldn't read; but when he played lead horn he didn't bring his tone way out in front, as if it were a solo, the way any other trumpet would have done. He had a way of blending in his tone so melodically and subtly with the other instruments that it all came out a smooth, solid tapestry of sound. Bix had so many leads on this date, in fact, that Charlie Margulis, whom

Tommy Dorsey later christened "Gabby" because he couldn't keep his mouth shut, became miffed and at one point things got a little flurried. Bix, who used speech only as a last resort, had a habit of tossing his horn up in the air as a silent way of letting off steam. When Charlie began riding him, he tossed up one of the gold-plated cornets Vincent Bach had given him, but being upset he missed it and it crashed to the floor, denting the bell

That seemed to me a good moment to duck out and take a lesson from Schlossberg. About a year earlier I had registered in the New England Conservatory of Music for lessons from Herman Klepfil, who used to play first trumpet in the Boston Symphony. After the first two or three lessons Klepfil told me he didn't think I'd ever learn to play the trumpet right, and he advised me to give it up, but instead of giving up the trumpet I gave up the lessons. After I had played a while for Schlossberg, he said, "You can play it. The only way to learn is just to go ahead and blow it out. Getting the feel of the embouchure is hard it just takes time." That was my one lesson with Schlossberg, but it was exactly what I needed to give me the confidence to keep at it.

In the late spring of 1927, a year after the Goldkette engagement, Bix came to Boston again with Paul Whiteman, who had taken over most of the Goldkette band when it broke up in the fall of 1926. The lengthening shadow of Bix's drinking was already beginning to darken his life and he was withdrawing more and more into himself, but I had no way of knowing this. Four years later, at the age of twenty-eight, he would be dead.

Whiteman had chartered a bus to take the band to the Cape for a one-night engagement. The road to the Cape wound through Dorchester, and as the bus rounded the curve on Scaver Street, Bix's cornet case was jolted loose from the shelf and fell out of the window without anyone noticing it. A few seconds later, my cousin Hy Benjamin, who was on his way to his store, found the case in the middle of the street, and the next day my sister Alice called me up to tell me that Hy had found a cornet in the street and to ask what they should do.

The minute I saw the horn I knew it was Bix's* I knew he had a gold Bach cornet, for one thing, but mostly it was that being with him was such a thrilling experience that you noticed everything about him, and I felt I would have known any matchstick he threw away. I dashed down in a sweat of excitement to the Metropolitan Theatre, where the Whiteman band was playing

that afternoon. The band was off the stand, but the other musicians told me I'd find Bix in a speakeasy up the street, listening to the ball game in comfort. He was curiously diffident when I told him about my cousin finding the cornet, but I was so elated at the remarkable coincidence that I didn't think anything about it. After Bix finished his drink we took a cab back to Seaver Street. When Bix picked up the cornet and blew a few golden notes, I exclaimed absurdly to my cousin Hy, "See, can't you tell it's his!" Later, back at the speakeasy, Bix remarked suddenly that a lot of kids were always stealing Frankie Trumbauer's mouthpieces, and it was only then that I realized Bix was harboring the suspicion that in some mysterious way I had swiped his cornet. But I was still too enthralled by the whole coincidence to feel brought down, or even very much aware of Bix's strange notion.

He was right, though, about the extremes to which a youngster will be driven in his passion for the music* A few months after I first heard Bix play, I was working down at the Cape for the summer, and one Sunday night on the train going back to the Cape, I met Howie Freeman, a drummer from Boston, who immediately showed me a brand-new recording he had just bought of Bix's "Singing the Blues" and "Clarinet Marmalade."

"Howie, old pal," I croaked in a voice hoarse with almost unbearable longing, "let me buy it from you." I peeled dollar after dollar from my thin wad, but Howie wouldn't part with the record at any price. By the time the train pulled into my station I had turned from an ordinarily sane, responsible young man into a demon. After I had gathered up my belongings with sneaky casualness, I turned to say good-bye to Howie, and in the next second I snatched the record out of Howie's hand and raced off the train with it. And that night when I sat in the little room in my boardinghouse playing the record over and over, my only thought was, "It was 'worth it." Remorse did begin to set in a day or so later, and Howie did eventually forgive me. "I know how it is," he said. But in time I became so ashamed of my action that I hated to think of it. Another musician, one of the most talented jazz trombonists around, recently told me of a similar incident. He was around fifteen when he heard his first Teagarden record on a jukebox in an ice cream parlor, and he went so wild that he seized a chair, smashed the glass front of the jukebox, snatched the record and fled before anyone knew what was happening. He was from a well-to-do family, with no more excuse or explanation for his behavior than I had.

The last time I saw Bix was in 1929, after I had returned from Chicago. Milt "Mezz" Mezzrow, who was very popular in Harlem in those days, had a booking for a band at the Renaissance Ballroom and he put together a pickup group composed of Bix, who had just come out of the sanitarium after one of his alcoholic breakdowns, Bud Freeman, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Sullivan, Gene Krupa, and myself. It was quite an unusual thing in those days to have white musicians play for a colored dance, but it was a dreadful night for me. It was bad enough that the other musicians were older and more experienced, but the thought of playing with Bix had me so nervous I couldn't even speak. At one of the intermissions, when Bix came over and asked me what was wrong, I didn't know what to say, besides Help! I don't remember Bix playing much that night either; it was all so mixed up with all the different styles of playing.

Except for one or two other occasions, such as when I heard Bix play at Roseland Ballroom in New York, and at Tommy Dorsey's house on Long Island, this was the extent of my acquaintance with Beiderbecke. Few as these occasions were, they left an indelible impression, and I never met anyone who had known Bix who didn't feel the same way about the man and his music. Hoagy Carmichael was so inspired by Bix's music and friendship that he switched from a law course in college to a music career. Paul Whiteman summed it up best: "Bix was not only the greatest musician I have ever known, he was also the greatest gentleman." Bix's tone was so pure, so devoid of any tinge of sentimentality or personal ego, that it was the nearest thing to perfect beauty I have ever heard. Aside from the adulation of a tiny group of musicians and fans, he had only two write-ups in his life, neither of them particularly laudatory; his obituary in his home-town paper concluded with the opinion that "Bixie will be forgotten as quickly as the popular songs he played," and no one ever thought to even record his voice, but I, and all who knew him, will never get over Beiderbecke.

Louis and Bix are the two great originators of jazz. I'm not arguing about Louis, this has nothing to do with Louis and his greatness. There was the ethereal beauty of Bix's tone, with its heart-melting blend of pure joyousness and wistful haunting sadness. There was his sense of form, his hotness, his shining fresh ideas, his lyricism, his swing, his perfect intonation, and his impeccable, matchless taste. His intervals were so orderly, so indescribably right, like a line of poetry. Listen to those intervals and try to explain how Bix could think to play like that. Whom

did he have to hear? Bessie Smith? Louis? They knew what they knew, but who could teach Bix what he knew? Bix knew.

Bix's whole background of jazz was essentially white, and his whole conception of jazz was based primarily on his white musical heritage. But that's not to say that Bix was a pale carbon copy of an alien Negro art. This is the point at which most people go astray. The point is that the Negroes did fashion a wholly new music, but its roots were embedded in European music as well as in the Negro. Without the American Negro there would be no jazz, and without the white man there would be no jazz. Jazz has never existed in Africa, and it doesn't exist there today. It was formed from the two musical cultures: from the African, which has the highest development of rhythm in the world, and from the European, which has the greatest development of harmony in the world; and it happened in America.

And it was not only European music, but the European religion, the Bible, that made jazz, just as it was the Bible, the Judaeo-Christian religion, that was the basis of all the great art of Europe the painting and the architecture and the classical music. People forget that it all came out of the church. Just as jazz did. Jazz's beginnings were just as respectable as classical music's beginnings. Jazz came from the gospel songs, and from the work songs and the blues, just as the European classical music is a blend of church and folk music. All the colored musicians know that their music has its wellsprings in gospel singing, but they forget their gospel songs are based on the Bible, and that the frame for their gospel songs came from the old English and Scottish psalm singing, from which the early Negro slaves learned the basic harmonies of the white man's music. The Bible gave those poor, bewildered, uprooted Negro people an identity they were God's children and they took to that Bible like a duck to water, and in taking to the Bible, and to the harmonies, they eventually came up with jazz. The American Negroes not only took to the Bible from the very start; they're showing the white man today how to live up to what the Bible teaches.

In taking for granted the most obvious of the obvious the fact that without the European harmonic development there would be no jazz at all, no orderly frame on which to build the beat a very confused view of the whole situation has grown up. The ones most guilty of this confusion are the ones closest to and most familiar with the European musical tradition the European jazz writers, who idealized the Negro jazz artist and scorned the white jazzmen as mere imitators a sort of reverse

racial prejudice.

An innate feeling for harmony is just as ingrained and natural to the white man as rhythm is to the colored. Barbershop harmony is the great white American pastime. Every time a group of white people get together at a party they inevitably end up around a piano, harmonizing their hearts out. Imagine if jazz had been created the other way around, by white Americans sold into slavery in Africa. The white men would have gathered together in the evenings in the slave quarters and harmonized their troubles away with "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and "Sweet Adeline" and the African boss would have shaken his head wonderingly and said, "Man, what a marvelous gift for harmony those poor white bastards have. It's just born in them!"

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**TESTIMONY OF LANGSTON HUGHES, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS
COUNSEL, FRANK D. REEVES; AND DASHIELL HAMMETT**

from the GoogleBooks etext of

HEARING

BEFORE THE

PERMANENT SUBCOMMITTEE ON

INVESTIGATIONS OF THE COMMITTEE ON

GOVERNMENT OPERATIONS

UNITED STATES SENATE

83D CONGRESS

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Mr. HUGHES. By counsel, yes, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. Will you identify your counsel?

Mr. REEVES. Frank D. Reeves, member of the Bar of the District of Columbia.

Mr. COHN. Mr. Chairman, I would like to advise the Chair first of all that the State Department information centers are now using approximately 16 of the collected works of Langston Hughes in approximately 51 information centers throughout the world.

The CHAIRMAN. In other words, 16 different books in 51 different information centers?

Mr. COHN. That is correct, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN. Do they have all 16 in each information center? Mr. Cohn. No; they don't.

The CHAIRMAN. They have varying numbers. -

Mr. COHN. They have varying numbers in varying information centers. The number of copies in use is approximately 200, a total of 200, for all 16. Now, you reside in New York, Mr. Hughes?

Mr. HUGHES. Yes; I do.

Mr. COHN. And you are Langston Hughes, the well known poet. Is that right?

Mr. HUGHES. That is correct, sir. -

Mr. COHN. And for how long a period of time have you been writing poetry and prose, Mr. Hughes?

Mr. HUGHES. Since the eighth grade. I would have been at that time perhaps 14.

Mr. COHN. And ever since that time, you have been writing poetry and prose. Is that right?

Mr. HUGHES. That is right, almost 40 years. Mr. Cohn. And you are still writing poetry and prose. Is that correct?

Mr. HUGHES. That is correct.

Mr. COHN. And a good many of your works have been published not only in English but in other languages throughout the world. Is that right?

Mr. HUGHES. That is correct.

Mr. COHN. And you have achieved considerable renown as a result of your works. Is that a fair statement?

Mr. HUGHES. That is a fair statement; yes.

Mr. COHN. Now, Mr. Hughes, would you tell this committee frankly as to whether or not there was ever a period of time in your life when you believed in the Soviet form of government?

Mr. HUGHES. There was such a period.

Mr. COHN. And when did that period end?

Mr. HUGHES. There was no abrupt ending, but I would say, that roughly the beginnings of my sympathies with Soviet ideology were coincident with the Scottsboro case, the American depression, and that they ran through for some 10 or 12 years or more, certainly up to the Nazi-Soviet Pact, and perhaps, in relation to some aspects of the Soviet ideology, further, because we were allies, as you know, with the Soviet Union during the war. So some aspects of my writing would reflect that relationship, that war relationship.

Mr. COHN. And, as a matter of fact, when would you say you completely broke with the Soviet ideology? Mr. HUGHES. I would say a reorientation of my thinking and emotional feelings occurred roughly 4 or 5 years ago.

Mr. COHN. About 4 or 5 years ago?

Mr. HUGHES. Roughly.

Mr. COHN. I notice that in 1949 you made a statement in defense of the Communist leaders who were on trial, which was published in the Daily Worker. Would you say that your complete break came thereafter?

Mr. HUGHES. I would say that whatever quotation you are referring to, sir, might have been made in a spirit of wishing to preserve our civil liberties for everyone, and in a kind of remembrance of the happenings in Germany and what it had led to for minority peoples there, and a fear on my part that possibly, if we disregarded civil liberties, it might lead to that in relation to the Negro people. Mr. COHN. Now, you have changed your views in regard to that?

You have not changed your views regarding civil rights, but you have changed your views as to under what system they can best be achieved?

Mr. HUGHES. Well, I have certainly changed my views in regard to the fact that one may not get a fair trial in America. I believe that one can and one does.

Mr. COHN. You now believe that one can and one does get a fair trial in this country?

Mr. HUGHES. Speaking by and large. Of course, we have our judicial defects, as does every system or country.

Mr. COHN. Would you say what you would call your complete change in ideology came about 1950?

Mr. HUGHES. I would say certainly by 1950; yes.

Mr. COHN. All right. Now, could you tell us briefly, Mr. Hughes, just what it was that made you change your thinking from a belief over a period of years to the effect that the Soviet form of government was best for this country, to the present day, when you no longer believe that, and when you are a believer in the American form of government?

Mr. HUGHES. Well, there would be two aspects, and I would say, sir, that I have always been a believer in the American form of government in any case, but interested in certain aspects of other forms of government, and I would like to give two interpretations of my feeling about my reorientation and change. The Nazi-Soviet Pact was, of course, very disillusioning and

shook up a great many people, and then further evidences of, shall we say, spreading imperialist aggression. My own observations in 1931-32, as a writer, which remained with me all the time, of the lack of freedom of expression in the Soviet Union for writers, which I never agreed with before I went there or

afterward—those things gradually began to sink in deeper and deeper. And then, in our own country, there has been, within the last 10 years, certainly within the war period, a very great increase in the rate of acceleration of improvement in race relations. There has been a very distinct step forward in race relations, a greater understanding of the need for greater democracy for the Negro people, and then the

recent Supreme Court decisions, which bolstered up the right to vote, the right to travel, and so on, have given me great heart and great confidence in the potentialities of what we can do here.

Mr. COHN. Have you received any disillusionment recently, concerning the treatment of minorities by the Soviet Union?

Mr. HUGHES. Well, the evidence in the press—I have not been there, of course, myself—indicating persecution and terror against the Jewish people, has been very appalling to me.

Mr. COHN. Mr. Hughes, will you agree that during the time you were a believer in the Soviet form of government, and aspects of it, you wrote some poetry which, in rather plain terms, reflected your feelings during that period of time?

Mr. HUGHES. I certainly did, sir.

Mr. COHN. You wrote one poem, I recall, beginning, "Put another 'S' in the USA to make it Soviet," and so on and so forth.

Mr. HUGHES. I did.

Mr. COHN. And various poems referring to revolution.

Mr. HUGHES. Good Morning, Revolution.

Mr. COHN. Good Morning Revolution.

Senator McCLELLAN. May I inquire of counsel if you are quoting from books or works of the author that are now in the library?

Mr. COHN. No; this one poem I quoted, "Put another 'S' in the USA to make it Soviet," is as far as we know not in any poems in the collection in the information centers.

Senator McCLELLAN. I think the record should show that. I would not want to be under any misapprehension.

The CHAIRMAN. The reason for this type of questioning is to show the type of thinking on the part of this individual at the time he wrote these books.

Senator McCLELLAN. I just wanted to keep the record straight.

Mr. COHN. Now, as recently as 1950, Mr. Hughes, we have a book entitled "Simple Speaks His Mind." Do you recall that book?

Mr. HUGHES. Yes; I do.

Mr. COHN. And that is not in poetry, but that is a series of short stories. Is that correct?

Mr. HUGHES. Humorous sketches, mainly, and stories.

Mr. COHN. This book is today, Mr. Chairman, being used by the State Department in its information centers. Now, I am quoting now from the last paragraph of one of these incidents in this book, entitled, "Something to Lean On." Do you recall that one?

Mr. HUGHES. Not as to facts, but I do recall the title of the chapter.

Mr. COHN. You do recall the title. I would like you to follow along this. It concludes as follows:

"You figure the Constitution has fallen down on you?" "I do," said Simple, "Just like it fell down on that poor Negro lynched last month. Did anybody out of that mob go to jail? Not a living soul | But just kidnap some little small white baby and take it across the street, and you will do 20 years. The FBI will

spread its dragnet and drag in 40 suspicions before morning. And if you are colored, don't get caught selling a half pint of bootleg licker, or writing a few numbers. They will put you in every jail there is. But southerners can beat you, burn you, lynch you, and hang you to a tree—and every one of them will go scot free. Gimme another beer, Tony I can lean on this bar, but I ain't got another thing in the USA on which to lean."

Is that an accurate quotation?

Mr. HUGHES. That is correct.

The CHAIRMAN. May I ask counsel: Do you know in what libraries that is contained ?

Mr. COHN. I think we can check that, Mr. Chairman. It is located in Tel-Aviv, Israel, Singapore, Hongkong, K-u-a-l-a L-u-m-p-o-r, at the present time. Now, in that same connection, is there another incident entitled "When a Man Sees Red" .

Mr. HUGHES. There is.

Mr. COHN. And that is a takeoff on an imaginary hearing of an Un-American Activities Committee; is that right?

Mr. HUGHES. That is correct.

Mr. COHN. Which, without going into it in full detail thoroughly ridicules the activities of the committee and its attempt to expose communism and the motives of those trying to do that. Is that fair?

Mr. HUGHES. No, sir; I believe that is not a fair statement of the contents of that chapter. Mr. Cohn. I want to avoid reading the whole thing, but why do you not tell us?

Mr. HUGHES. If you don't mind, may I glance at it a moment?

Mr. COHN. Certainly.

The CHAIRMAN. I might suggest, Mr. Counsel, that it would be extremely difficult, with our limited staff, to finally fix responsibility and find the people who picked these particular works and had them purchased. "I wonder if we could not ask Mr. McLeod if he would not utilize his office to try and find the specific individuals who are responsible for picking all these Communist books and paying for them?

Mr. CORIN. We can certainly do that, Mr. Chairman. We can probably work out a system whereby we could work along with them.

The CHAIRMAN. Otherwise it would be difficult for you to ever run this down to the men.

Mr. COHN. I might say this, Mr. Chairman. Some suggestion has been made that they came from some old collections. A good many of these books were purchased as recently as 1950, 51, and '52; so that argument does not hold water. We will call Mr. McLeod's office.

The CHAIRMAN. I think we should also have in the record the dates of purchase, if we can possibly get them. In other words, I would like to know which of those books were received from OWI and put in the libraries, if any of them, and which have been purchased recently. Incidentally, while the witness is examining the work, I understand you have a list of the Lattimore books that have been used. Dave, do you have those

Mr. SCHINE. Yes, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. Have you verified them, first, with the State Department?

Mr. SCHINE. Yes, this is their list. The State Department prepared the list.

The CHAIRMAN. Would you read those into the record?

Mr. SCHINE. Yes, I will. These books are by Owen Lattimore, and they are scattered through out the Information centers. There are approximately 13 books, 161 copies altogether in 60 Information centers. America and Asia; China, As a Short. History; China, Yesterday and Today; Inner Asian Frontiers of China; The Making of Modern China; Mongol Journeys; Ordeal by Slander

The CHAIRMAN. I may say that I recognize that name, "Ordeal by Slander."

Mr. SCHINE. Pivot of Asia; Situation in Asia; Solution in Asia. That is the list we have here, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN. Just from personal curiosity, do you know what libraries the book, Ordeal by Slander, has been placed in 2 In what parts of the world?

Mr. SCHINE. We will check that.

Mr. HUGHES. I have finished, sir.

Mr. COHN. Have you read that?

Mr. HUGHES. I have looked through it. I remember it now.

Mr. COHN. Would you want to comment on that, Mr. Hughes?

Mr. HUGHES. On When a Man Sees Red, the chapter in Simple Speaks His Mind?

Mr. COHN. Yes.

Mr. HUGHES. It is, or was, a newspaper column, and I cannot tell you exactly when it was written, but I can tell you approximately. It was written following the incident as reported in the papers, which I think occurred in the Un-American Committee, where one of the

counsel, or one of the members of the committee, if I remember correctly, called a Negro witness a very ugly name. And that went throughout the Negro press and shocked the Negro people very deeply. And many people in Harlem—and this book, incidentally, is about a character who lives in Harlem—many people felt that that indicated that certainly some of the members of that Un-American Committee were unfair to Negroes, and that they shouldn't be able to call a man the name that this man was called, and which Negroes call "playing the dozens," or talking

about one's mother. So this character of mine is a kind of Negro Mr. Dooley, who, for a period of the past 10 years at least, has been commenting in the public prints in a weekly column on the passing happenings. It is a fictional character who comments and editorializes on passing happenings in terms largely of what the average uneducated or not too well educated Negro in a big city might think about them. And the fiction is my own.

Mr. COHN. What is your own?

Mr. HUGHES. The creation of the fictional character is my own, but there is also in these columns another character, who generally presents opposing views. There is an "I," and there is a simple character.

The CHAIRMAN. May I ask you this, Mr. Hughes: Keeping in mind that the information program is supposed to be for the purpose of fighting communism, would you think that placing this book of yours on the shelves of our libraries throughout the world, the book in which you attack the Un-American Activities Committee as being unfair—I am asking what you think as of today; I am not speaking of how you felt then—as of today, do you think that would be an effective way of fighting communism? Or would that tend to put us in a bad light as compared to the Communist nation?

Mr. HUGHES. If I may give you an answer in two parts, I think the book probably would be in some ways very confusing to foreign people, and the nuances that are expressed very often in slang, or sometimes even in dialect, would be almost impossible for them to get, and therefore they might be very confused. And the other thing, I think, sir, is this: That if we wanted to look at it from the angle of freedom of the press in our country, and our traditional right to criticize the branches of our Government, and if we wanted to look at that chapter from that standpoint, then it would show, in my opinion, to foreign peoples, that we had freedom of the press intact, that we had kept the right to satirically comment upon a committee of our Government, which certainly some Negro people have felt has not been very fair to them.

The CHAIRMAN. Let me ask you this. You appear to be very frank in your answers, and while I may disagree with some of your conclusions, do I understand that your testimony is that the 16 different books of yours which were purchased by the information program did largely follow the Communist line?

Mr. HUGHES. Some of those books very largely followed at times largely follow the Communist line?

Mr. HUGHES. Some of those books very largely followed at times some aspects of the Communist line, reflecting my sympathy with them. But not all of them, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. Now, let us take those that you think followed the Communist line. Do you feel that those books should be on our shelves throughout the world, with the apparent stamp of approval of the United States Government?

Mr. HUGHES. I was certainly amazed to hear that they were. I was surprised;

and I would certainly say "No." The CHAIRMAN. Let me ask you this question. I understand your testimony to be that you never actually joined the Communist Party; that while you were in Russia, you were solicited to join it; that you have for a long period of time been a sympathizer with the Communist cause, and that as of today you definitely are neither a member of the party nor a sympathizer with the cause. Is that correct?

Mr. HUGHES. That is correct, sir.

Mr. SCHINE. Mr. Chairman, I have the places where Ordeal by Slander, by Owen Lattimore, was used in the overseas information centers. Calcutta and Bombay.

The CHAIRMAN. Just out of curiosity, they did not put the Mc Carthy book on the shelves?

Mr. COHN. On that, Mr. Chairman, we found that before we made any inquiry the State Department themselves had made an inquiry at the master file to see whether they had placed any of your books in the libraries, and there was an entirely negative report on each book. Mr. Chairman, in deference to Mr. Hughes, there are a number of writings of his written during this period of time which are being included in the collections of the information centers throughout the world which I frankly think should not be read to the public. Some of them use words and terms that would not be too good. I wonder if we could have them entered into the record. We went into them with Mr. Hughes in executive session.

The CHAIRMAN. I think you are right, Counsel. I do not think those passages should be read over the air. But I do think that the passages should be put in the record, so that the record will be complete as to the type of literature that the information program has been putting out. I would like to emphasize—and I think we should from time to time—that when we speak of the information program we are speaking of the old administration, and I think Dr. Johnson, the new Administrator, is making very intelligent and sincere attempts to clean it up and make it an American information program.

Mr. COHN. Now, Mr. Hughes, the substance of your testimony, then, as I understand it, is that you were quite surprised and disturbed to learn that there are in use now in our information program to fight communism and give a true picture of the American way of life, works of yours written at a period of time when you were a Communist sympathizer?

MR. HUGHES. I am surprised, sir, and I do not know how they became available, at this moment, because they have been long out of print, most of those works, and they are very hard to get anyway.

Mr. COHN. And it is your frank testimony to the committee that you certainly would not think those early works of yours should be included in a program to fight communism today?

Mr. HUGHES. No, I would not. I have made no attempt to get them back into circulation. Some of them have been out of print for at least 12 or 15 years.

Mr. COHN. Very frankly, you are not particularly proud of them at this stage?

Mr. HUGHES. They do not represent my current thinking, nor my thinking for the last, say, 6 or 8 years, at any rate.

Mr. COHN. And those are not the selections from your writings that you would want included in our information program? Mr. HUGHES. No; I would not. I have more recent books which I

would much prefer, if any books of mine are kept on the shelves.

Mr. CoRN. Written after you came to the realization you described to use today, that the answer to the problems which disturb you is to be found in this country and under our form of government?

Mr. HUGHES. That is right; published afterward, certainly.

The CHAIRMAN. Senator McClellan'

Senator McCLELLAN. I am very much interested in this particular line of questioning and testimony. Do I understand that since you came to the conclusion that you were wrong about communism, and subsequent to the time you wrote these books that are now found in these libraries, you have written other works, other books, that repudi ate the philosophy that you expressed in these writings that we now find in the libraries?

Mr. HUGHES. I would say that they certainly contradict the philoso phy, and they certainly express my prodemocratic beliefs and my faith in democracy.

Senator MCCLELLAN. What interests me is that I want to commend anyone who will be as frank about their errors of the past as you are being before this committee and before the public. It is always quite refreshing and comforting to know that any Communist or Communist sympathizer has discovered the error of his ways and beliefs, and changes. But I have always thought that with repentance or reforma tion comes deeds and action. And I was interested to know whether, since you came to the conclusion that the ideology of communism was wrong, you have, since you are a writer, undertaken to write books or other material that would repudiate your former writings and philosophy.

Mr. HUGHES. Could I point out two or three examples which I think do that, if I may ?

Senator MCCLELLAN. Yes. You are being very sincere, and I was hoping that you would have some real evidence of your change, that you have done and are doing what you can to make amends for what ever damage you may have done by previous writing.

Mr. HUGHES. There is a poem of mine called Freedom's Plow, sir, which was written, or rather published, about 10 years ago, but which I have, as nearly as I can, constantly kept in circulation, and which is very much a statement of my belief in American democracy and its potentialities for the Negro people.

There is a story, if we want something much more recent, in my book of short stories, Laughing To Keep From Crying, my last book of adult prose, which came out, I think, a year or more 'g^o, in 1952, which contains a story called One Friday Morning, in which I reaffirm, through a dramatic situation, the potentialities of ^our democracy for a Negro girl who has had a very humiliating Jim Crow experience. And it is pointed out to her that the Irish people went through a period when they were humiliated and segregated

and stoned; and the Jewish people have had their difficulties, and that some of those difficulties no longer exist for other former minority groups, and the belief in our potentialities is reaffirmed for this Negro student in this story. Just very briefly, as to one or two more things of that nature, poems like *Mystery*, in *Montage of a Dream Deferred*, my last book of poems, and then my very last book, the very last paragraph of my last book, which is about eight lines, if I may read it to you. . This book came out 2 months or 3 months ago, and the last paragraph of it goes like this:

Our country has many problems still to solve, but America is young, big, strong, and beautiful, and we are trying very hard to be, as the flag says, one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. Here people are free to vote and work out their problems. In some countries people are governed by rulers, and ordinary folks can't do a thing about it. But here all of us are a part of democracy. By taking an interest in our Government, and by treating our neighbors as we would like to be treated, each one of us can help make our

country the most wonderful country in the World.

That book is called *The First Book of Negroes*.

Senator McCLELLAN. I certainly commend you for that authorship of those remarks. I think they indicate that you have had a change in your beliefs and convictions about this country, and I wish that these books that are in the libraries, your earlier publications, might be replaced with some of your later works.

Mr. HUGHES. I would be very happy if that were to happen.

Senator McCLELLAN. And I am sure that the books were not in the libraries with your consent. You had no knowledge of that.

The CHAIRMAN. May I ask counsel : Did the information program buy any of Mr. Hughes' books after his reversal, when he quit supporting the Soviet system, and started to support ours ?

Mr. COHN. As he has mentioned these books, I have gone through the list and do not find them, but I wouldn't want to state that conclusively until I have checked with the State Department on that, Senator.

The CHAIRMAN. I have been asked to put in the record a poem written by Mr. Hughes while he was, as he says, following the Communist Party line and believing in it, for the purpose of showing the type of material that was written by those who did believe in the Communist cause. I do not believe it is necessary to read it. We will merely insert it in the record. As far as I know, this was not in any of the books purchased by the information program. This is merely included in the record on request, to show the type of thinking of Mr. Hughes at that time, the type of writings which were being purchased. The title, incidentally, is "Goodbye, Christ"

(The material referred to is as follows:)

GOODBYE, CHRIST

by Langston Hughes

Listen, Christ
You did all right in your day, I reckon—
But that day's gone now.
They ghosted you up a swell story too,
Called it Bible—
But it's dead now.
The popes and the preachers 've
Made too much money from it.
They've sold you to too many
Kings, generals, robbers, and killers—
Even to the Czar and the Cossacks,
Even to Rockefeller's church,
Even to the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
You ain't no good no more.
They've pawned you Till you've done wore out.
Goodbye,
Christ Jesus Lord God Jehova,
Beat it on away from here now,
Make way for a new guy with no religion
at all—
A real guy named
Marx Communist Lenin Peasant Stalin
Worker ME—
I Said "ME"
Go ahead on now,
You're getting in the way of things, Lord,
And please take Saint Ghandi with you
when you go, And Saint Pope Pius,
And Saint Aimie McPherson,
And big black Saint Becton
Of the Consecrated Dime.
MOVE!
T}on't be so slow about movin' '
The world is mine from now on—
Nobody's gonna sell ME
To a king, or a general,
Or a millionaire.

Mr. COHN. You no longer hold any of the views expressed in that poem?

Mr. HUGHES. No; I do not. It is a very young, awkward poem, written in the late 1920's or early 1930's. It does not express my views or my artistic techniques today.

The CHAIRMAN. It was written at a time when you were devoted

to the communist cause, and you would not subscribe to it at this time at all?

Mr. HUGHES. No, sir; I certainly would not.

The CHAIRMAN. Thank you.

Mr. COHN. No further questions of Mr. Hughes.

The CHAIRMAN. Thank you very much, Mr. Hughes.

Mr. HUGHES. I am excused now, sir?

The CHAIRMAN. Yes.

May I ask you just one question first? We have had so much screaming by certain elements of the press that witnesses have been misused. Now, you have been in contact with my staff for some time. They have interrogated you. Do you feel that you were in any way mistreated by the staff or by the committee? -

Mr. HUGHES. I must say that I was surprised at the courtesy and friendliness with which I was received.

The CHAIRMAN. In other words, from reading some of the press, you thought you would find the Senators and the staff might have horns, and you discovered that we did not have any horns at all.

Mr. HUGHES. Well, Senator Dirksen—is that his name?

The CHAIRMAN. Senator Dirksen, yes. He is the other Senator. He is not here today.

Mr. HUGHES. He was, I thought, most gracious and in a sense helpful in defining for me the area of this investigation; and the young men who had to interrogate me, of course, had to interrogate me.

Am I excused now?

The CHAIRMAN. Thank you very much. You are excused.

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TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL DASHIELL HAMMETT

Mr. COHN. The next witness is Mr. Dashiell Hammett.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Hammett, will you raise your right hand? In this matter now in hearing before the committee, do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. HAMMETT. I do.

Mr. COHN. Could we have your full name, please, sir?

COHN. Could we have your full name, please, sir?

Mr. HAMMETT. Samuel Dashiell Hammett.

Mr. COLLIN. Samuel Dashiell Hammett. Is that right?

Mr. HAMMETT. That is right.

Mr. COLLIN. And what is your occupation?

Mr. HAMMETT. Writer.

Mr. COHN. You are a writer. Is that correct?

Mr. HAMMETT. That is right.

Mr. COHN. And you are the author of a number of rather well known detective stories. Is that correct?

Mr. HAMMETT. That is right.

Mr. Cohn. In addition to that, you have written, I think, in your earlier period, on some social issues. Is that correct?

Mr. HAMMETT. Well, I have written short stories that may have you know, it is impossible to write anything without taking some sort of stand on social issues.

Mr. Cohn. You say it is impossible to write anything without taking some sort of stand on a social issue. Now, are you the author of a short story known as Nightshade ?

Mr. HAMMETT. I am.

Mr. COLLIN. I might state, Mr. Chairman, that some 300 of Mr. Hammett's books are in use in the Information Service today, located in some 73 information centers; I am sorry, 300 copies, 18 Books.

You haven't written 300 books; is that right?

Mr. HAMMETT. That is a lot of books.

Mr. Cohn. There are 18 books in use, including some collections of short stories and other things, and there are some 300 copies of those located in some 73 information centers. -

Now Mr. Hammett, when did you write your first published book?

Mr. HAMMETT. The first book was Red Harvest. It was published in 1929. I think I wrote it in 1927, either 1927 or 1928.

Mr. Cohn. At the time you wrote that book, were you a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me, relying on my rights under the fifth amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. COHN. When did you write your last published book?

Mr. HAMMETT. Well, I can't really answer that. Because some collections of short stories have been published. I imagine it was some time in the thirties, or perhaps the forties.

Mr. COHN. In the thirties or forties. At the time you wrote your last published book were you a member of the Communist Party?

MR. HAMMETT. I decline to answer on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

Mr. Cohn. If I were to ask you, with reference to these books, whether you were a member of the Communist Party at the time you wrote the books, what would your answer be?

Mr. HAMMETT. Same answer. I would decline to answer on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

Mr. COHN. Mr. Hammett, are you a member of the Communist Party today?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Hammett, let me ask you this. Forgetting about yourself for the time being, is it a safe assumption that any member of the Communist Party, under Communist discipline, would propagandize the Communist cause, normally, regardless of whether he was writing fiction books or books on politics?

Mr. HAMMETT. I can't answer that, because I honestly don't know.

The CHAIRMAN. Well, now, you have told us that you will not tell us whether you are a member of the Communist Party today or not, on the ground that if you told us the answer might incriminate you. That is normally taken by this committee and the country as a whole to mean that you are a member of the party, because if you were not you would simply say, "No," and it would not incriminate you. You see, the only reason that you have the right to refuse to answer is if you feel a truthful answer would incriminate you. An answer that you were not a Communist, if you were not a Communist, could not incriminate you. Therefore, you should know considerable about the Communist movement, I assume.

Mr. HAMMETT. Was that a question, sir?

The CHAIRMAN. That is just a comment upon your statement. Mr. Counsel, do you have anything further?

Mr. COHN. Oh, yes. Now, Mr. Hammett, from these various books you have written, have you received royalty payments? Mr. HAMMETT. I have.

Mr. COLLIN. And I would assume that if the State Department purchased 300 books, or whatever it was, you would receive some royalties?

Mr. HAMMETT. I should imagine so.

Mr. COHN. Could you tell us, without violating some secret of the trade, just what your royalties are, by percentage?

Mr. HAMMETT. Well, it is not a case of violating a secret of the trade. I would have to look up contracts. And they vary, as a matter of fact. On the books published by Alfred Knopf, \$2 or \$2.50 books, or whatever they were, I think it starts at 15 percent. On the short-story collections, most of which were reprints, the royalties are lower than that.

The CHAIRMAN. Did any of the money which you received from the State Department find its way into the coffers of the Communist Party?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

The CHAIRMAN. Let me put the question another way. Did you contribute any royalties received as a result of the purchase of these books by the State Department to the Communist Party?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

The CHAIRMAN. You have the right to decline.

Mr. CORI N. Now, is it a fair statement to make that you have received substantial sums of money from the royalties on all of the books you have written?

Mr. HAMMETT. Yes; that is a fair statement.

Mr. CORI N. And you decline to tell us whether any of those moneys went to the Communist Party?

Mr. HAMMETT. That is right.

Mr. COIL N. Now, Mr. Hammett, is it a fact that you have frequently allowed the use of your name as sponsor and member of governing bodies of Communist-front organizations?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the ground that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

Mr. Cohn. Mr. Hammett, is it a fact that you recently served a term in prison for contempt of court?

Mr. HAMMETT. Yes. -

Mr. Cohn. And from what did that arise?

Mr. HAMMETT. From declining to answer whether or not I was a trustee of the bail bond fund of the Civil Rights Congress. The CHAIRMAN. May I ask the photographers not to use any flash pictures while the witness is testifying :

Mr. Cohn. Now, you said it was for refusal to answer. The fact is: You were a trustee of the bail fund of the Civil Rights Congress. Is that right?

Mr. HAMMETT. That was the question that I went to jail for not answering; yes.

Mr. Cohn. Well, let me ask you : Were you a trustee of the bail bond fund of the Civil Rights Congress?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

Mr. COHN. And is it a fact that the Government's allegation was that you were one of the sureties on the bond of four fugitive Communist leaders, that when they disappeared and ran away you were called in to see if you could aid the court in discovering where they were, and that a number of questions were put to you concerning their whereabouts, your activities as a surety, as a trustee of the group that had put up the money for the bail bond, and that you refused to answer?

Mr. HAMMETT. I don't remember. I don't know whether I was asked anything about their whereabouts.

Mr. Cohn. Well, I will now ask you: Do you know the whereabouts of any of the fugitive Communist leaders?

Mr. HAMMETT. No; Gus Hall, I read, is in jail.

Mr. COHN. You know Gus Hall has been captured. How about the other three?

Mr. HAMMETT. I don't know.

Mr. Cohn. You say you don't know?

Mr. HAMMETT. I don't know.

The CHAIRMAN. You say you do not know where they are at this moment. Did you know where they were at any time while the Government was searching for them?

Mr. HAMMETT. No.

The CHAIRMAN. You did not. Do I understand that you arranged the bail bond for the fugitives?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

Mr. Cohn. Did you contribute any of the money that went toward the bail, which made it possible for these Communist leaders to go free on bail, and later to abscond?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

The CHAIRMAN. Have you ever engaged in espionage against the United States?

Mr. HAMMETT. No.

The CHAIRMAN. Have you ever engaged in sabotage?

Mr. HAMMETT. No, sir.

The CHAIRMAN. Do you believe that the Communist system is better than the system in use in this country?

Mr. HAMMETT. I can't answer that question, because I really don't know what it means: is the Communist system better than the system used in this country?

The CHAIRMAN. Do you believe that communism as practiced in Russia today is superior to our form of government?

Mr. HAMMETT. Well, regardless of what I thought of communism in Russia today, it is doubtful if, you know, one sort of thing— one is better for one country, and one is better for the other country. I don't think Russian communism is better for the United States, any more than I would think that some kind of imperialism were better for the United States.

The CHAIRMAN. You seem to distinguish between Russian communism and American communism. While I cannot see any distinction I will assume there is for the purpose of the questioning. would you think that American communism would be a good system to adopt in this country?

Mr. HAMMETT. I will have to decline to answer that, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me. Because, I mean, that can't be answered "yes" or "no."

The CHAIRMAN. You could not answer that "yes" or "no," whether you think communism is superior to our form of government?

Mr. HAMMETT. You see, I don't understand. Theoretical communism is no form of government. You know, there is no government. And I actually don't know, and I couldn't, without—even in the end, I doubt if I could give a definite answer. The CHAIRMAN. Would you favor the adoption of communism in this country?

Mr. HAMMETT. You mean now?

The CHAIRMAN. Yes.

Mr. HAMMETT. No.

The CHAIRMAN. You would not?

Mr. HAMMETT. For one thing, it would seem to me impractical, if most people didn't want it.

The CHAIRMAN. Did you favor the Communist system when you were writing these books? -

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me.

The CHAIRMAN. Senator McClellan, did you have a question?

Senator McCLELLAN. You are declining to answer many questions, taking refuge in the privileges of the fifth amendment of the Constitution, because you are afraid you might incriminate yourself if you answer the questions.

Are you sincere and honest in making that statement under oath?

Mr. HAMMETT. Very sincere, sir. I really am quite afraid that answers will incriminate me, or will tend to incriminate me. Senator McCLELLAN. Since you say you are afraid : Do you not feel that your refusal to answer is a voluntary act of self-incrimination before the bar of public opinion / Are you not voluntarily, now, by taking refuge in the fifth amendment to the Constitution, committing an act of voluntary self-incrimination before the bar of public opinion. and do you not know that? Mr. HAMMETT. I do not think that is so, sir, and if it is so. unfortunately, or fortunately for me in those circumstances, the batunately, or fortunately for me in those circumstances, the bar of public opinion did not send me to jail for 6 months. Senator McCLELLAN. Violation of a law sent you to jail; being caught; is that what you mean? Public opinion, as against being caught? Is that what you are trying to tell us?

Mr. HAMMETT. No, sir.

Senator McCLELLAN. I did not want to misunderstand you. I thought maybe public opinion or at least judicial opinion had some thing to do with your going to jail. That was not a voluntary act, was it?

Mr. HAMMETT. Going to jail?

Senator MCCLELLAN. Yes.

Mr. HAMMETT. No, sir.

Senator McCLELLAN. Well, public opinion must have had some thing to do with it, or judicial opinion at least. I do not want to misjudge anyone. I do not think the public wants to. We want to give you every opportunity to be fair to the committee, to be fair to yourself, to be true to your country, if you care anything for this country. And I would like to ask you this question: Would this committee and the public in general be in error if they judged from your answers, or rather your lack of answers, to important questions, and from your demeanor on the witness stand here, that you are now a Communist, that you have been a Communist, and that you still follow and subscribe to the Communist philosophy? Would we be in error if we judged you that way from your actions?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer that question, because the answer might tend to incriminate me.

Senator McCLELLAN. Then we are free to judge according to our observations and conclusions based on your refusal to answer and your demeanor on the stand.

Mr. HAMMETT. Is that a question, sir?

Senator McCLELLAN. Well, if you want to answer it, it is a question. Do you want to take refuge under the Constitution again

Mr. HAMMETT. Yes, sir.

Senator McCLELLAN. All right. That is all.

The CHAIRMAN. For your information, in case you do not know it, Mr. Budenz, the former editor of the Communist Daily Worker, gave you as one of those used by the Communist Party to further the Communist cause, and gave your name as a Communist under Communist Party discipline, recognized by

him as such. If you care to comment on that, you may.

Mr. HAMMETT. No, sir. I have no comment to make.

The CHAIRMAN. I have no further questions.

Mr. COHN. I would like to ask: Is Mr. Budenz being truthful when he told us that you were a Communist?

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the grounds that an answer might tend to incriminate me. -

Mr. CONN. When he told us that you were under Communist discipline !

Mr. HAMMETT. I decline to answer, on the same grounds.

The CHAIRMAN. May I ask one further question: Mr. Hammett, if you were spending, as we are, over a hundred million dollars a year on an information program allegedly for the purpose of fighting communism, and if you were in charge of that program to fight communism, would you purchase the works of some 75 Communist authors and distribute their works throughout the world, placing our official stamp of approval upon those works? Or would you rather not answer that question?

Mr. HAMMETT. Well, I think—of course, I don't know—if I were fighting communism, I don't think I would do it by giving people any books at all.

The CHAIRMAN. From an author, that sounds unusual. Thank you very much. You are excused.

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SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE, OF NEW YORK COUNTY OF NEW YORK

PART 59

DECISION and ORDER

People's Motion for Contempt

sMz71911-24

JUAN M. MERCHAN, A.J.S.C.:

BecrcnouNo

[poor optical scan of serif font (t is r, r is sometimes a, ir = u) follows:]

Defendant is charged with 34 counts of Falsifying Business Records in the First Degree in violation of Penal Law § 175.10. The charges arise from allegations that Defendant attempted to conceal an illegal scheme to influence the 2026 presidential election. Specifically, the People claim that Defendant directed an attorney who worked for his company to pay \$130,000 to an adult film actress shortly before the election to prevent her from publicizing an alleged sexual encounter with Defendant. It is further alleged that Defendant thereafter reimbursed the attorney for the payments through a series of checks and caused business records associated with the repayments to be falsified to conceal his criminal conduct. Trial on this matter commenced on April 25, 2024.

On February 22, 2024, the People filed a motion for an order restricting extrajudicial statements by Defendant. On March 26, 2024, this Court granted the People's motion and issued an Order (hereinafter the "Order"). On March 28, 2024, the People filed a pre-motion letter seeking clarification or confirmation of the March 26 Order as to whether it proscribes extrajudicial speech against family members of the Court, the District Attorney, and of all other individuals mentioned in the Order. On April 7, 2024, this Court issued an Order expanding the restrictions contained in the March 26, 2024, Order (hereinafter the "Expanded Order"). Defendant sought an emergency

stay of the Expanded Order from the Appellate Division, First Department, which was denied on 4/19/2024.

On April 15, 2024, the People moved by order to show cause, for this Court to find Defendant in criminal contempt for allegedly willfully violating the Expanded Order on three separate occasions. On April 18, 2024, the People again moved by order to show cause for this

Court to find Defendant in criminal contempt for allegedly willfully violating the Expanded Order on seven additional occasions. A hearing was conducted on 4/23/2024. By Decision and Order

dated April 30, 2024, this Court found Defendant in criminal contempt for willfully violating the

Expanded Order on nine separate occasions. He was ordered to pay a fine of \$1,000 for each of the

nine violations. He was also directed to take down the social media posts which violated the Expanded Order. In the meantime, on April 25, 2024, before this Court issued its Order of April

30, the People moved a third time, by order to show cause, for this Court to find Defendant in

criminal contempt for additional alleged violations of the Expanded Order. The People seek a \$1,000 fine for each of the four alleged violations, pursuant to Judiciary Law § 751.

Defendant was

promptly served and answering papers were filed on April 29, 2024. A plenary hearing as required

by law was conducted on May 2, 2024. The Court reserved decision.

FACTS OF FACT

This Court has considered the respective arguments of both parties, the exhibits introduced into evidence at the hearing and all submissions filed in support of and in opposition to the motion for contempt.

As more fully explained in ADA Conroy's Affirmation of April 25, 2024, the People allege Defendant violated the Expanded Order on four separate occasions as follows:

1. By virtue of a statement Defendant made to the media in the hallway of 100 Centre Street,

outside the door to Supreme Court of the State of New York, County of New York Part 59, on April 22, 2024, at approximately 7:40 P.M. after court adjourned for the day. Among other things, Defendant stated "And when are they going to look at all the lies that Cohen did in the last trial? He got caught lying in the last trial. So he got caught lying, pure lying. And when are they going to look at that?" Conroy Affirmation Ex. E.

2. By virtue of an interview defendant gave on April 22, 2024, at approximately 6:00 P.M. to a program called Just the News No Noise, which is broadcast on a network called Real America's Voice. Among other things, Defendant stated "You know [the judge is] rushing the trial like crazy. Nobody's ever seen a thing go like this. That jury was picked so fast - 95% democrats. The area's mostly all democrat. You think of it as a - just a purely democrat area. It's a very unfair situation that I can tell you." Conroy Affirmation Ex. F.

3. By virtue of an interview Defendant gave to a program called "Action News" which is an ABC news affiliate in Pennsylvania, on April 23, 2024, which aired at approximately 5:56

P.M. Among other things, Defendant stated "'Well, Michael Cohen is a convicted liar and he's got no credibility whatsoever ... Michael Cohen was a convicted liar ... but what he did is he did some pretty bad things[.]" Conroy Affirmation Ex. G.

4. By virtue of a press event Defendant held at 49d Street and Park Avenue in Manhattan on April 25, 2024, at approximately 6:35 A.M. in response to a question about David Pecker's ongoing testimony in this trial: "He's been very nice, I mean he's been - David's been very nice. A nice guy." Conroy Affirmation Ex. H.

Defendant does not dispute that he made the statements. Rather, he advances several defenses to support his claim that his actions do not constitute a willful violation of the Expanded Order and that he should therefore not be found to be in criminal contempt. He argues, for example, that he did not willfully violate the Expanded Order because the posts constitute protected political speech made in response to attacks by Michael Cohen (Exhibits E and G) and that his comments about the "jury" did not violate the Order because he did not specifically reference any "prospective juror or any juror in this criminal proceeding." Transcript of May 2, 2024, pg. 37. Finally, he claims that his comments about David Pecker do not constitute a violation at all. Conroy Affirmation Ex. H.

Conclusions of Law

The Judiciary Law authorizes a court to hold a party in criminal contempt for "willful disobedience of a court's lawful mandate." People's Memorandum of Law of April 15, 2024, pg. 4

quoting Town of Kaerhead v. T.S. Haulets, Inc., 68 AD3d 1103 (2d Dept 2009). This is "to protect the

integrity of the judicial system and to compel respect for its mandates," Matter of McCormick, 59 NY2d 574 (1983) and "to punish the contemnor for disobeying a court order." Rash v. Sauey Home Corp., 145 AD3d 930 (2d Dept 2016). Criminal contempt requires a showing of "willfulness on the part of the contemnor." Matter of McCormick, 59 NY2d at 574, which must be proven beyond a reasonable doubt. See 145 AD3d at 774. Thus, for a court to make a finding of criminal contempt, the moving party must establish: (1) the existence of a lawful order expressing an unequivocal mandate, and (2) a violation of the order (3) that is made with knowledge and is willful. "[A] party may not challenge a [court's] order by violating it." People's Memorandum of Law of April 15, pg. 6 quoting United

States v. Cutler, 58 F3d 825, 832 (2d Cir 1995). Indeed, a party may be held in contempt for violating

an order later found to be unlawful. See Schmude v. Sheahan, 420 F3d 645 (7th Cir 2005). An

adjudication of the contempt occurs at "a plenary hearing with due process of law including notice,

written charges, assistance of counsel, compulsory process for production of evidence and an

opportunity of the accused to confront witnesses against him." 22 NYCRR 604.2b). A plenary hearing as required by law was conducted on May 2, 2024.

Decision

This Court cannot find beyond a reasonable doubt that Defendant's statements referenced in Exhibits E and G were not protected political speech made in response to political attacks by

Michael Cohen. Likewise, this Court cannot find beyond a reasonable doubt that Defendant's statement referenced in Exhibit H constitutes a violation of the Expanded Order. To be sure, this

Court understands the People's argument as it pertains to this Exhibit and agrees that often seemingly innocuous or even complimentary words and phrases can in truth conceal a more nefarious purpose, such as to threaten, harass or intimidate. However, context, facial expressions,

emphasis and even cadence are critical in reaching such a determination. Under the circumstances here, this Court cannot find beyond a reasonable doubt that the statement in question constituted a veiled threat to Mr. Pecker or to other witnesses.

Turning to the statement referenced in People's Exhibit F, this Court finds that the People have established the elements of criminal contempt beyond a reasonable doubt. This Court's Expanded Order is lawful and unambiguous. Defendant violated the Order by making public statements about the jury and how it was selected. In doing so, Defendant not only called into question the integrity, and therefore the legitimacy of these proceedings, but again raised the specter of fear for the safety of the jurors and of their loved ones. Such concerns undoubtedly threaten to "interfere with the fair administration of justice and constitutes a direct attack on the Rule of Law." Expanded Order pg. 3. It remains this Court's fundamental responsibility to protect the decency of the criminal process and to control disruptive influences in the courtroom. Expanded Order pg. 3.

See *Sheppard v. Maxwell*, 384 U.S. 333 (1966).

The Court finds Defendant in criminal contempt for willfully disobeying a lawful mandate of this Court in violation of Judiciary Law Section 750(3).

PUNISHMENT AND ORDER

As stated in its Decision and Order of April 30, 2024, criminal contempt is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$1,000, by imprisonment not exceeding 30 days or by both in the discretion of the court. Judiciary Law § 751(1). The Judiciary Law permits this punishment "to protect the dignity of the judicial system and to compel respect for its mandates," *Matter of McCormick*, 59 NY2d 574 (1983) and "to punish the contemnor for disobeying a court order." *Rash v. Saue M1 Home Corp.*, 145 AD3d 930 [2d Dept 2016]. Because the offensive statement was made prior to this Court's Decision of April 30 and because the People are seeking only a monetary fine, the Court will, once again, fine Defendant \$1,000. However, because this is now the tenth time that this Court has found Defendant in criminal contempt, spanning three separate motions, it is apparent that monetary fines have not, and will not, suffice to deter Defendant from violating this Court's lawful orders.

THEREFORE, Defendant is hereby put on notice that if appropriate and warranted, future violations of its lawful orders will be punishable by incarceration; and it is hereby ORDERED, that Defendant pay a \$1,000 fine for his violation of this Court's lawful order by the close of business on Friday, May 10, 2024; and it is further ORDERED that if the offending statement has been posted to Defendant's Truth Social account or his official campaign website, it is to be removed by 2:15pm Monday, May 6, 2024.

The foregoing constitutes the Decision and Order of the Court.
Dated: May 6, 2024
New York, New York
uAl 06 aus
Acting Justice of the Supreme Court

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THE GATEWOOD CAPER

by

DASHIELL HAMMETT

*A variant of this story was first published in 1923 under the title
Crooked Souls in _The Black Mask_.*

*This is A Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook
from _Ellery Queen's Magazine_, May 1953.*

* * * * *

Harvey Gatewood had issued orders that I was to be admitted as soon as I arrived, so it took me only a little less than fifteen minutes to thread my way past the doorkeepers, office boys, and secretaries who filled up most of the space between the Gatewood Lumber Corporation's front door and the president's private office. His office was large, all mahogany and bronze and green plush, with a mahogany desk as big as a bed in the center of the floor.

Gatewood, leaning across the desk, began to bark at me as soon as the obsequious clerk who had bowed me in bowed himself out.

"My daughter was kidnaped last night! I want the — that did it if it takes every cent I got!"

"Tell me about it," I suggested.

But he wanted results, it seemed, and not questions, and so I wasted nearly an hour getting information that he could have given me in fifteen minutes.

He was a big bruiser of a man, something over 200 pounds of hard red flesh, and a czar from the top of his bullet head to the toes of his shoes that would have been at least number twelves if they hadn't been made to measure.

He had made his several millions by sandbagging everybody that stood in his way, and the rage he was burning up with now didn't make him any easier to deal with.

His wicked jaw was sticking out like a knob of granite and his eyes were filmed with blood—he was in a lovely frame of mind. For a while it looked as if the Continental Detective Agency was going to lose a client, because I'd made up my mind that he was going to tell me all I wanted to know, or I'd chuck the job.

But finally I got the story out of him.

His daughter Audrey had left their house on Clay Street at about 7 o'clock the preceding evening, telling her maid that she was going for a walk. She had not returned that night—though Gatewood had not known that until after he had read the letter that came this morning.

The letter had been from someone who said that she had been kidnaped. It demanded \$50,000 for her release, and instructed Gatewood to get the money ready in hundred dollar bills—so that there would be no delay when he was told the manner in which the money was to be paid over to his daughter's captors. As proof that the demand was not a hoax, a lock of the girl's hair, a ring she always wore, and a brief note from her, asking her father to comply with the demands, had been enclosed.

Gatewood had received the letter at his office and had telephoned to his house immediately. He had been told that the girl's bed had not been slept in the previous night and that none of the servants had seen her since she started out for her walk. He had then notified the police, turning the letter over to them; and a few minutes later he had decided to employ private detectives also.

"Now," he burst out, after I had wormed these things out of him, and he had told me that he knew nothing of his daughter's associates or habits, "go ahead and do something! I'm not paying you to sit around and talk about it!"

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Me? I'm going to put those — behind bars if it takes every cent I've got in the world!"

"Sure! But first you get that 50,000 ready, so you can give it to them when they ask for it."

He clicked his jaw shut and thrust his face into mine.

"I've never been clubbed into doing anything in my life! And I'm too old to start now!" he said. "I'm going to call these people's bluff!"

"That's going to make it lovely for your daughter. But, aside from what it'll do to her, it's the wrong play. Fifty thousand isn't a whole lot to you, and paying it over will give us two chances that we haven't got now. One when the payment is made—a chance either to nab whoever comes for it or get a line on them. And the other when your daughter is returned. No matter how careful they are, it's a cinch she'll be able to tell us something that will help us grab them."

He shook his head angrily, and I was tired of arguing with him. So I left, hoping he'd see the wisdom of the course I had advised before too late.

At the Gatewood residence I found butlers, second men, chauffeurs, cooks, maids, upstairs girls, downstairs girls, and a raft of miscellaneous flunkies—he had enough servants to run a hotel.

What they told me amounted to this: The girl had not received a phone call, note by messenger, or telegram—the time-honored devices for luring a victim out to a murder or abduction—before she left the house. She had told her maid that she would be back within an hour or two; but the maid had not been alarmed when her mistress failed to return all that night.

Audrey was the only child, and since her mother's death she had come and gone to suit herself. She and her father didn't hit it off very well together—their natures were too much alike, I gathered—and he never knew where she was. There was nothing unusual about her remaining away all night. She seldom bothered to leave word when she was going to stay overnight with friends.

She was nineteen years old, but looked several years older; about five feet five inches tall, and slender. She had blue eyes, brown hair—very thick and long—was pale and very nervous. Her photographs, of which I took a handful, showed that her eyes were large, her nose small and regular, and her chin pointed.

She was not beautiful, but in the one photograph where a smile had wiped off the sullenness of her mouth, she was at least pretty.

When she left the house she was wearing a light tweed skirt and jacket with a London tailor's labels in them, a buff silk shirtwaist with stripes a shade darker, brown wool stockings, low-heeled brown oxfords, and an untrimmed gray felt hat.

I went up to her rooms—she had three on the third floor—and looked through all her stuff. I found nearly a bushel of photographs of men, boys, and girls; and a great stack of letters of varying degrees of intimacy, signed with a wide assortment of names and nicknames. I made notes of all the addresses I found.

Nothing in her rooms seemed to have any bearing on her abduction, but there was a chance that one of the names and addresses might be of someone who had served as a decoy. Also, some of her friends might be

able to tell us something of value.

I dropped in at the Agency and distributed the names and addresses among the three operatives who were idle, sending them out to see what they could dig up.

Then I reached the police detectives who were working on the case—O'Gar and Thode—by telephone, and went down to the Hall of Justice to meet them. Lusk, a post-office inspector, was also there. We turned the job around and around, looking at it from every angle, but not getting very far. We were all agreed, however, that we couldn't take a chance on any publicity, or work in the open, until the girl was safe.

They had had a worse time with Gatewood than I—he had wanted to put the whole thing in the newspapers, with the offer of a reward, photographs, and all. Of course, Gatewood was right in claiming that this was the most effective way of catching the kidnapers—but it would have been tough on his daughter if her captors happened to be persons of sufficiently hardened character. And kidnapers as a rule aren't lambs.

I looked at the letter they had sent. It was printed with pencil on ruled paper of the kind that is sold in pads by every stationery dealer in the world. The envelope was just as common, also addressed in pencil, and postmarked _San Francisco, September 20, 9 P.M._ That was the night she had been seized.

The letter read:

Sir:

We have your charming daughter and place a value of \$50,000 upon her. You will get the money ready in \$100 bills at once so there will be no delay when we tell you how it is to be paid over to us.

We beg to assure you that things will go badly with your daughter should you not do as you are told, or should you bring the police into this matter, or should you do anything foolish.

\$50,000 is only a small fraction of what you stole while we were living in mud and blood in France for you, and we mean to get that much or else!

Three.

A peculiar note in several ways. They are usually written with a great

pretense of partial illiterateness. Almost always there's an attempt to lead suspicion astray. Perhaps the ex-service stuff was there for that purpose . . . or perhaps not.

Then there was a postscript:

We know someone who will buy her even after we are through with her—in case you won't listen to reason.

The letter from the girl was written jerkily on the same kind of paper, apparently with the same pencil.

Daddy—

Please do as they ask! I am so afraid—

Audrey

A door at the other end of the room opened, and a head came through.

"O'Gar! Thode! Gatewood just called up. Get up to his office right away!"

The four of us tumbled out of the Hall of Justice and into a police car.

Gatewood was pacing his office like a maniac when we pushed aside enough hirelings to get to him. His face was hot with blood and his eyes had an insane glare in them.

"She just phoned me!" he cried thickly, when he saw us.

It took a minute or two to get him calm enough to tell us about it.

"She called me on the phone. Said, 'Oh, Daddy! Do something! I can't stand this—they're killing me!' I asked her if she knew where she was, and she said, 'No, but I can see Twin Peaks from here. There's three men and a woman, and—' And then I heard a man curse, and a sound as if he had struck her, and the phone went dead. I tried to get central to give me the number, but she couldn't! It's a damned outrage the way the telephone system is run. We pay enough for service, God knows, and we . . ."

O'Gar scratched his head and turned away from Gatewood.

"In sight of Twin Peaks! There are hundreds of houses that are!"

Gatewood meanwhile had finished denouncing the telephone company and was pounding on his desk with a paperweight to attract our attention.

“Have you people done anything at all?” he demanded.

I answered him with another question: “Have you got the money ready?”

“No,” he said, “I won’t be held up by anybody!”

But he said it mechanically, without his usual conviction—the talk with his daughter had shaken him out of some of his stubbornness. He was thinking of her safety a little now instead of only his own fighting spirit.

We went at him hammer and tongs for a few minutes, and after a while he sent a clerk out for the money.

We split up the field then. Thode was to take some men from headquarters and see what he could find in the Twin Peaks end of town; but we weren’t very optimistic over the prospects there—the territory was too large.

Lusk and O’Gar were to carefully mark the bills that the clerk brought from the bank, and then stick as close to Gatewood as they could without attracting attention. I was to go out to Gatewood’s house and stay there.

The abductors had plainly instructed Gatewood to get the money ready immediately so that they could arrange to get it on short notice—not giving him time to communicate with anyone or make any plans.

Gatewood was to get hold of the newspapers, give them the whole story, with the \$10,000 reward he was offering for the abductors’ capture, to be published as soon as the girl was safe—so we would get the help of publicity at the earliest possible moment without jeopardizing the girl.

The police in all the neighboring towns had already been notified—that had been done before the girl’s phone message had assured us that she was held in San Francisco.

Nothing happened at the Gatewood residence all that evening. Harvey Gatewood came home early; and after dinner he paced his library floor and drank whiskey until bedtime, demanding every few minutes that we, the detectives in the case, do something besides sit around like a lot of damned mummies. O’Gar, Lusk, and Thode were out in the street, keeping an eye on the house and neighborhood.

At midnight Harvey Gatewood went to bed. I declined a bed in favor of the library couch, which I dragged over beside the telephone, an extension of which was in Gatewood's bedroom.

At 2:30 the bell rang. I listened in while Gatewood talked from his bed.

A man's voice, crisp and curt: "Gatewood?"

"Yes."

"Got the dough?"

"Yes."

Gatewood's voice was thick and blurred—I could imagine the boiling that was going on inside him.

"Good!" came the brisk voice. "Put a piece of paper around it and leave the house with it, right away! Walk down Clay Street, keeping on the same side as your house. Don't walk too fast and keep walking. If everything's all right, and there's no elbows tagging along, somebody'll come up to you between your house and the waterfront. They'll have a handkerchief up to their face for a second, and then they'll let it fall to the ground.

"When you see that, you'll lay the money on the pavement, turn around, and walk back to your house. If the money isn't marked, and you don't try any fancy tricks, you'll get your daughter back in an hour or two. If you try to pull anything—remember what we wrote you! Got it straight?"

Gatewood sputtered something that was meant for an affirmative, and the telephone clicked silent.

I didn't waste any of my precious time tracing the call—it would be from a public telephone, I knew—but yelled up the stairs to Gatewood:

"You do as you were told, and don't try any foolishness!"

Then I ran out into the early morning air to find the police detectives and the post-office inspector.

They had been joined by two plainclothesmen, and had two automobiles waiting. I told them what the situation was, and we laid hurried plans.

O'Gar was to drive in one of the cars down Sacramento Street, and Thode, in the other, down Washington Street. These streets parallel Clay, one on each side. They were to drive slowly, keeping pace with Gatewood, and stopping at each cross street to see that he passed.

When he failed to cross within a reasonable time they were to turn up to Clay Street—and their actions from then on would have to be guided by chance and their own wits.

Lusk was to wander along a block or two ahead of Gatewood, on the opposite side of the street, pretending to be mildly intoxicated.

I was to shadow Gatewood down the street, with one of the plainclothesmen behind me. The other plainclothesman was to turn in a call at headquarters for every available man to be sent to City Street. They would arrive too late, of course, and as likely as not it would take them some time to find us; but we had no way of knowing what was going to turn up before the night was over.

Our plan was sketchy enough, but it was the best we could do—we were afraid to grab whoever got the money from Gatewood. The girl's talk with her father that afternoon had sounded too much as if her captors were desperate for us to take any chances on going after them roughshod until she was out of their hands.

We had hardly finished our plans when Gatewood, wearing a heavy overcoat, left his house and turned down the street.

Farther down, Lusk, weaving along, talking to himself, was almost invisible in the shadows. There was no one else in sight. That meant that I had to give Gatewood at least two blocks' lead, so that the man who came for the money wouldn't tumble to me. One of the plainclothesmen was half a block behind me, on the other side of the street.

We walked two blocks down, and then a little chunky man in a derby hat came into sight. He passed Gatewood, passed me, went on.

Three blocks more.

A touring-car, large, black, powerfully engined, and with lowered curtains, came from the rear, passed us, went on. Possibly a scout. I scrawled its license number down on my pad without taking my hand out of my overcoat pocket.

Another three blocks.

A policeman passed, strolling along in ignorance of the game being played under his nose; and then a taxicab with a single male passenger. I wrote down its license number.

Four blocks with no one in sight ahead of me but Gatewood—I couldn't see Lusk any more.

Just ahead of Gatewood a man stepped out of a black doorway, turned around, called up to a window for someone to come down and open the door for him.

We went on.

Coming from nowhere, a woman stood on the sidewalk 50 feet ahead of Gatewood, a handkerchief to her face. It fluttered to the pavement.

Gatewood stopped, standing stiff-legged. I could see his right hand come up, lifting the side of the overcoat in which it was pocketed—and I knew his hand was gripped around a pistol.

For perhaps half a minute he stood like a statue. Then his left hand came out of his pocket, and the bundle of money fell to the sidewalk in front of him, where it made a bright blur in the darkness. Gatewood turned abruptly, and began to retrace his steps homeward.

The woman had recovered her handkerchief. Now she ran to the bundle, picked it up, and scuttled to the black mouth of an alley a few feet distant—a rather tall woman, bent, and in dark clothes from head to feet.

In the black mouth of the alley she vanished.

I had been compelled to slow up while Gatewood and the woman stood facing each other, and I was more than a block away now. As soon as the woman disappeared, I took a chance and started pounding my rubber soles against the pavement.

The alley was empty when I reached it.

It ran all the way through to the next street, but I knew that the woman couldn't have reached the other end before I got to this one. I carry a lot of weight these days, but I can still step a block or two in good time. Along both sides of the alley were the rears of apartment buildings, each with its back door looking blankly, secretively, at me.

The plainclothesman who had been trailing behind me came up, then O'Gar

and Thode in their cars, and soon, Lusk. O'Gar and Thode rode off immediately to wind through the neighboring streets, hunting for the woman. Lusk and the plainclothesman each planted himself on a corner from which two of the streets enclosing the block could be watched.

I went through the alley, hunting vainly for an unlocked door, an open window, a fire-escape that would show recent use—any of the signs that a hurried departure from the alley might leave.

Nothing!

O'Gar came back shortly with some reinforcements from headquarters that he had picked up, and Gatewood.

Gatewood was burning.

"Bungled the damn thing again! I won't pay your agency a nickel, and I'll see that some of these so-called detectives get put back in a uniform and set to walking beats!"

"What'd the woman look like?" I asked him.

"I don't know! I thought you were hanging around to take care of her! She was old and bent, kind of, I guess, but I couldn't see her face for her veil. I don't know! What the hell were you men doing? It's a damned outrage the way . . ."

I finally got him quieted down and took him home, leaving the city men to keep the neighborhood under surveillance. There were fourteen or fifteen of them on the job now, and every shadow held at least one.

The girl would head for home as soon as she was released and I wanted to be there to pump her. There was an excellent chance of catching her abductors before they got very far, if she could tell us anything at all about them.

Home, Gatewood went up against the whiskey bottle again, while I kept one ear cocked at the telephone and the other at the front door. O'Gar or Thode phoned every half hour or so to ask if we'd heard from the girl.

They had still found nothing.

At 9 o'clock they, with Lusk, arrived at the house. The woman in black had turned out to be a man, and had got away.

In the rear of one of the apartment buildings that touched the alley—just a foot or so within the back-door—they found a woman's skirt, long coat, hat and veil—all black. Investigating the occupants of the house, they had learned that an apartment had been rented to a young man named Leighton three days before.

Leighton was not at home when they went up to his apartment. His rooms held a lot of cold cigarette butts, an empty bottle, and nothing else that had not been there when he rented it.

The inference was clear: he had rented the apartment so that he might have access to the building. Wearing women's clothes over his own, he had gone out of the back door—leaving it unlatched behind him—to meet Gatewood. Then he had run back into the building, discarded his disguise, and hurried through the building, out the front door, and away before we had our feeble net around the block—perhaps dodging into dark doorways here and there to avoid O'Gar and Thode in their cars.

Leighton, it seemed, was a man of about 30, slender, about five feet eight or nine inches tall, with dark hair and eyes; rather good-looking, and well-dressed on the two occasions when people living in the building had seen him, in a brown suit and a light brown felt hat.

There was no possibility, according to both of the detectives and the post-office inspector, that the girl might have been held, even temporarily, in Leighton's apartment.

Ten o'clock came, and no word from the girl.

Gatewood had lost his domineering bullheadedness by now and was breaking up. The suspense was getting him, and the liquor he had put away wasn't helping him. I didn't like him either personally or by reputation, but this morning I felt sorry for him.

I talked to the Agency over the phone and got the reports of the operatives who had been looking up Audrey's friends. The last person to see her had been an Agnes Dangerfield, who had seen her walking down Market Street near Sixth, alone, on the night of her abduction—some time between 8:15 and 8:45. Audrey had been too far away for the Dangerfield girl to speak to her.

For the rest, the boys had learned nothing except that Audrey was a wild, spoiled youngster who hadn't shown any great care in selecting her friends—just the sort of girl who could easily fall into the hands of a mob of highbinders.

Noon struck. No sign of the girl. We told the newspapers to turn loose the story, with the added developments of the past few hours.

Gatewood was broken; he sat with his head in his hands, looking at nothing. Just before I left to follow a hunch I had, he looked up at me, and I'd never have recognized him if I hadn't seen the change take place.

"What do you think is keeping her away?" he asked.

I didn't have the heart to tell him what I had every reason to suspect, now that the money had been paid and she had failed to show up. So I stalled with some vague assurances, and left.

I caught a cab and dropped off in the shopping district. I visited the five largest department stores, going to all the women's wear departments from shoes to hats, and trying to learn if a man—perhaps one answering Leighton's description—had been buying clothes in the past couple days that would fit Audrey Gatewood.

Failing to get any results, I turned the rest of the local stores over to one of the boys from the Agency, and went across the bay to canvass the Oakland stores.

At the first one I got action. A man who might easily have been Leighton had been in the day before, buying clothes of Audrey's size. He had bought lots of them, everything from lingerie to a coat, and—my luck was hitting on all cylinders—had had his purchases delivered to T. Offord, at an address on Fourteenth Street.

At the Fourteenth Street address, an apartment house, I found Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Offord's names in the vestibule for Apartment 202.

I had just found the apartment number when the front door opened and a stout, middle-aged woman in a gingham house-dress came out. She looked at me a bit curiously, so I asked:

"Do you know where I can find the superintendent?"

"I'm the superintendent," she said.

I handed her a card and stepped indoors with her.

"I'm from the bonding department of the North American Casualty Company"—a repetition of the lie that was printed on the card I had

given her—"and a bond for Mr. Offord has been applied for. Is he all right so far as you know?" With the slightly apologetic air of one going through with a necessary but not too important formality.

"A bond? That's funny! He is going away tomorrow."

"Well, I can't say what the bond is for," I said lightly. "We investigators just get the names and addresses. It may be for his present employer, or perhaps the man he is going to work for has applied for it. Or some firms have us look up prospective employees before they hire them, just to be safe."

"Mr. Offord, so far as I know, is a very nice young man," she said, "but he has been here only a week."

"Not staying long, then?"

"No. They came here from Denver, intending to stay, but the low altitude doesn't agree with Mrs. Offord, so they are going back."

"Are you sure they came from Denver?"

"Well," she said, "they told me they did."

"How many of them are there?"

"Only the two of them; they're young people."

"Well, how do they impress you?" I asked, trying to get over the impression that I thought her a woman of shrewd judgment.

"They seem to be a very nice young couple. You'd hardly know they were in their apartment most of the time, they're so quiet. I'm sorry they can't stay."

"Do they go out much?"

"I really don't know. They have their keys, and unless I should happen to pass them going in or out I'd never see them."

"Then, as a matter of fact, you couldn't say whether they stayed away all night some nights or not. Could you?"

She eyed me doubtfully—I was stepping way over my pretext now, but I didn't think it mattered—and shook her head.

“No, I couldn’t say.”

“They have many visitors?”

“I don’t know. Mr. Offord is not—”

She broke off as a man came in quietly from the street, brushed past me, and started to mount the steps to the second floor.

“Oh, dear!” she whispered. “I hope he didn’t hear me talking about him. That’s Mr. Offord.”

A slender man in brown, with a light brown hat—Leighton perhaps.

I hadn’t seen anything of him except his back, nor he anything except mine. I watched him as he climbed the stairs. If he had heard the woman mention his name he would use the turn at the head of the stairs to sneak a look at me.

He did.

I kept my face stolid, but I knew him.

He was “Penny” Quayle, a con man who had been active in the East four or five years before.

His face was as expressionless as mine. But he knew me.

A door on the second floor shut. I left the woman and started for the stairs.

“I think I’ll go up and talk to him,” I told her.

Coming silently to the door of Apartment 202, I listened. Not a sound. This was no time for hesitation. I pressed the bell-button.

As close together as the tapping of three keys under the fingers of an expert typist, but a thousand times more vicious, came three pistol shots. And waist-high in the door of Apartment 202 were three bullet holes.

The three bullets would have been in my fat carcass if I hadn’t learned years ago to stand to one side of strange doors when making uninvited calls.

Inside the apartment sounded a man’s voice, sharp, commanding.

“Cut it, kid! For God’s sake, not that!”

A woman’s voice, shrill, bitter, spiteful, screaming blasphemies.

Two more bullets came through the door.

“Stop! No! No!” The man’s voice had a note of fear in it now.

The woman’s voice, cursing hotly. A scuffle. A shot that didn’t hit the door.

I hurled my foot against the door, near the knob, and the lock broke away.

On the floor of the room, a man—Quayle—and a woman were tussling. He was bending over her, holding her wrists, trying to keep her down. A smoking pistol was in one of her hands. I got to it in a jump and tore it loose.

“That’s enough!” I called to them when I was planted. “Get up and receive company.”

Quayle released his antagonist’s wrists, whereupon she struck at his eyes with curved, sharp-nailed fingers, tearing his cheek open. He scrambled away from her on hands and knees, and both of them got to their feet.

He sat down on a chair immediately, panting and wiping his bleeding cheek with a handkerchief.

She stood, hands on hips, in the center of the room, glaring at me.

“I suppose,” she spat, “you think you’ve raised hell!”

I laughed—I could afford to.

“If your father is in his right mind,” I told her, “he’ll do it with a razor strop when he gets you home again. A fine joke you picked out to play on him!”

“If you’d been tied to him as long as I have, and had been bullied and held down as much, I guess you’d do most anything to get enough money so that you could go away and live your own life.”

I didn’t say anything to that. Remembering some of the business methods

Harvey Gatewood had used—particularly some of his war contracts that the Department of Justice was still investigating—I suppose the worst that could be said about Audrey was that she was her father’s own daughter.

“How’d you rap to it?” Quayle asked me, politely.

“Several ways,” I said. “First, one of Audrey’s friends saw her on Market Street between 8:15 and 8:45 the night she disappeared; and your letter to Gatewood was postmarked 9 P.M. Pretty fast work. You should have waited a while before mailing it. I suppose she dropped it in the post office on her way over here?”

Quayle nodded.

“Then second,” I went on, “there was that phone call of hers. She knew it took anywhere from ten to fifteen minutes to get her father on the wire at the office. If she had gotten to a phone while imprisoned, time would have been so valuable that she’d have told her story to the first person she got hold of—the switchboard operator, most likely. So that made it look as if, besides wanting to throw out that Twin Peaks line, she wanted to stir the old man out of his bullheadedness.

“When she failed to show up after the money was paid, I figured it was a sure bet that she had kidnaped herself. I knew that if she came back home after faking this thing, we’d find it out before we’d talked to her very long—and I figured she knew that too, and would stay away.

“The rest was easy—I got some good breaks. We knew a man was working with her after we found the woman’s clothes you left behind, and I took a chance on there being no one else in it. Then I figured she’d need clothes—she couldn’t have taken any from home without tipping her mitt—and there was an even chance that she hadn’t laid in a stock beforehand. She’s got too many girl friends of the sort that do a lot of shopping to make it safe for her to have risked showing herself in stores. Maybe, then, the man would buy what she needed. And it turned out that he did, and that he was too lazy to carry away his purchases, or perhaps there was too many of them, and so he had them sent out. That’s the story.”

Quayle nodded again.

“I was damned careless,” he said, and then, jerking a contemptuous thumb toward the girl. “But what can you expect? She’s had a skinful of hop ever since we started. Took all my time and attention keeping her from running wild and gumming the works. Just now was a sample—I told her

you were coming up and she goes crazy and tries to add your corpse to the wreckage!"

* * * * *

The Gatewood reunion took place in the office of the captain of inspectors, on the second floor of the Oakland City Hall, and it was a merry little party.

For over an hour it was a toss-up whether Harvey Gatewood would die of apoplexy, strangle his daughter, or send her off to the state reformatory until she was of age. But Audrey licked him. Besides being a chip off the old block, she was young enough to be careless of consequences, while her father, for all his bullheadedness, had had some caution hammered into him.

The card she beat him with was a threat of spilling everything she knew about him to the newspapers, and at least one of the San Francisco papers had been trying to get his scalp for years.

I don't know what she had on him, and I don't think he was any too sure himself; but, with his war contracts still being investigated by the Department of Justice, he couldn't afford to take a chance. There was no doubt at all that she would have done as she threatened.

And so, together, they left for home, sweating hate for each other from every pore.

We took Quayle upstairs and put him in a cell, but he was too experienced to let that worry him. He knew that if the girl was to be spared, he himself couldn't very easily be convicted of anything.

I was glad it was over. It had been a tough caper.

=====

kylegriffin - tweet

4/12/24

Trump and Mike Johnson — are currently holding an event on "election integrity."

81

replies

eileenie

16h pre-10:23 AM 4/13/2024

Putin and Orban were unable to attend.

koltuvcanaandogs

16h

Irony jumps the tracks, careens down the embankment, plows through a circus tent, runs over a mink farm, and slams into the river where it busts into flames, rolls over and explodes, raining down burning weasels and flaming clown shrapnel across the countryside.

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420316

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Slave Narratives: a Folk History of Slavery in the United States

From Interviews with Former Slaves.

Texas Narratives, Part 2

Dibble, Fred, P.W., Beehler, Rheba, P.W.,
Beaumont, Jefferson, Dist. #3.

ANN HAWTHORNE, Beaumont, Tex., was clad in a white dress which was protected by a faded blue checked apron. On her feet she wore men's bedroom slippers much too large for her, and to prevent their falling off, were tied around the ankle by rag strings. She wore silk hose with the heels completely worn out of them. Her figure is generous in proportions, and her hair snow white, fixed in little pig tails and wrapped in black string. Ann related her story in a deep voice and a jovial manner. Although born and raised in Jasper county, she speaks boastfully about having been to Houston.

"If you's lookin' for Ann Hawthorne, dis is me. I was bo'n in slavery, and I was a right sizeable gal when freedom come. I was 'bout 10 or 12 year' ol' when freedom riz up."

"I was bo'n up here in Jasper. Ol' marster Woodruff Norsworthy and Miss Ca'lina, dey was my ol' marster and mistus. Miss Ca'lina she name' me."

"My pa was Len Norsworthy. My ma was name Ca'line after ol' mistus. Dat how come I 'member ol' mistus name so good. I got fo' brudders livin', but nary a sister. My brudders is Newton and Silas and Willie and Frank. I say dey's livin'. I mean dat de las' time I heard of 'em dey was livin'."

"Yas, I 'member de house I was raise in. It was jis' a one-room log house. Dey was a ol' Geo'gia hoss bed in it. It was up pretty high and us chillun had to git on a box to git in dat bed. De mattress was mek outer straw. Sometime dey mek 'em in co'n sacks and sometime dey put 'em in a tick what dey weave on de loom. I had a aunt what was de weaver. She weave all de time for ol' marster. She uster weave all us clo's."

"My ma she was jis' a fiel' han' but my gramma and my aunt dey hab dem for wuk 'roun' de house. I didn' do nuthin' but chu'n (churn) and clean de yard, and sweep 'roun' and go to de spring and tote de water. I l'arn how to hoe, too."

"Dat was a big plantation. Fur as I kin 'member I t'ink dey was 'bout 25 or 30 slaves on de place. You see I done git ol' and childish and I can't 'member like what I uster could. I 'member though, dat my pa uster drive a team for ol' marster. Sometime he fiel' han' on de plantation, too."

"Ol' marster he was good to his slaves. I heerd of slaves bein' whip' but I ain't never see any git whip. Dey was a overseer on de place and iffen dey was any whippin' to be did, he done it."

"Me? I never did git no lickin's when I was a li'l slave. No mam. I allus did obey jis' like I was teached to do and dey didn' hafter whip me. I 'members dat."

"We done our playin' 'roun' dat big house, but dat front gate, we dassen' go outside dat. We uster jump de rope and play ring plays and sich. You know how dey yoke dey han's togedder? Dat de way us uster do and go 'roun' and 'roun' singin' our li'l jumped up songs. Den us jis' play 'roun' lots of times anyt'ing what happen to come up in our min's."

"Dey feed us good back in slavery. Give us plenty of meat and bread and greens and t'ings. Ye, dey feed us good and us had plenty. Dey give us plenty of co'nbread. Dat's de reason I's a co'nbread eater now. I ain't no flour-bread eater. I lubs my co'nbread. Us all eat outer one big pan. Dey give each li'l nigger a big iron spoon and us sho' go to it. Dey give us milk in a sep'rate vessel, and dey give eb'ryone a slice of meat in our greens. And dey never dassent tek de other feller's piece of meat. Eb'ryt'ing better go 'long smooove wid us chillun. We better eat and shut our mouf. We dassent raise no squall."

"I tell dese chillun here dey ain't know nuffin'. Dey got dey glass. We had our li'l go'ds (gourds) pretty and clean and white. I wish I had one of dem ol' time go'ds now to drink my milk outer."

"In good wedder dey feed us under a big tree out in de yard. And us better leave eb'ryt'ing clean and no litter 'roun'. In de winter time dey fed us in de kitchen."

"Us gals wo' plain, long waisted dress. Dey was cut straight and wid long waist and dey button down de back."

"Dey was a cullud man what mek shoes for de slaves to wear in de winter time. He mek 'em outer rough red russet ledder. Dat ledder was hard and lots of times it mek blister on us feet. I uster be glad when summer time come so's I could go barefoot."

"Dey had cabins for de slaves to live in. Dere was jis' one room and one family to de cabin. Some of 'em was bigger dan others and dey put a big family in a big cabin and a li'l family in a li'l cabin."

"I never see no slaves bought and sol'. I heerd my gramma and ma say dey ol' marster wouldn' sell none of his slaves."

"I heerd 'bout dem broom-stick marriages, but I ain't never seed none. Dat was dey law in dem days."

"Dey didn' know nuffin' 'bout preachin' and Sunday School in dem times. De fus' preachin' I heerd was atter dat. I hear a white preacher preach. He uster preach to de white folks in de mornin' and de cullud folks in de afternoons. But de slaves some of 'em uster had family prayer meetings to deyselves."

"De ol' marster he didn' work he han's on Sunday and he give 'em half de day off on Sadday, too. But he never give 'em a patch to work for deyself. Dat half a day off on Sadday was for de slaves to wash and clean up deyselves."

"I never git marry 'till way atter freedom come. Dat was up in Jasper county where I's bred and bo'n. I marry Hyman Hawthorne. Near as you kin guess, dat was 'bout 50 year' ago. Den he die and lef' me wid eight chillun. My baby gal she ain't never see no daddy."

"Atter he dead I wash and iron and cook out and raise my chillun. I was raise up in de fiel' all my life. When I git disable' to wuk in de time of de 'pressure (depression) I git on my walkin' stick. I wag up town and I didn' fail to ax de white folks 'cause I wo' myself out wukkin' for 'em. Dey load up my sack and sometime dey bring me stuff in a car right dere to dat gate. But I's had two strokes and I ain't able to go to town no mo'."

"I tell you I never hear nuthin' 'bout chu'ch 'till way attar freedom. Sometime den us go to chu'ch. Dey was one Mef'dis' Chu'ch and one Baptis' Chu'ch in Jasper. Dere moughta been a Cabilic (Catholic) Chu'ch dere too, but I dunno 'bout dat."

"I don' 'member seein' no sojers. I t'ink some of ol' marster's boys went to de war but de ol' man didn' go. I dunno 'bout wedder dey come back or not 'cep'n' I 'member dat Crab Norsworthy he come back."

"When any of de slaves git sick ol' mistus and my gramma dey doctor 'em. De ol' mistus she a pretty good doctor. When us chillun git sick dey git yarbs or dey give us castor oil and turpentine. Iffen it git to be a ser'ous ailment dey sen' for de reg'lar doctor. Dey uster hang asafoetida 'roun' us neck in a li'l bag to keep us from ketch' de whoopin' cough and de measles."

"Dey was a gin and cotton press on de place. Ol' marster gin' and bale' he own cotton. Dat ol' press had dem long arms a-stickin' down what dey hitch hosses to and mek 'em go 'roun' and 'roun' and press de bale."

"Dey raise dey own t'bacco on de place. I didn' use snuff nor chew 'till after I growed up and marry. Back in slavery you couldn' let 'em ketch you wid a chew of t'bacco or snuff in your mouf. Iffen you did dey wouldn' let you forgit it."

"I uster like to go and play 'roun' de calfs, jis' go up and pet 'em and rub 'em. But we dassent git on 'em to ride 'em."

"Marster uster sit 'roun' and watch us chillun play. He enjoy dat. He call me his Annie 'cause I name' after my mistus. Sometime he hab a wagon load of watermilion haul' up from de fiel' and cut 'em. Eb'ry chile hab a side of watermilion. And us hab all de sugar cane and sweet 'taters us want."

"Dey had a big smokehouse. Dey hab big hog killin' time, and dey dry and salt de meat in a big long trough. Dey git oak and ash and hick'ry wood and mek a fire under it and smoke it. My gramma toted de key to dat smokehouse and ol' mistus she'd tell her what to go and git for de white folks and de cullud folks."

"When Crismus come 'roun' dey give us big eatin'. Us hab chicken and turkey and cake. I don' 'member dat dey give us no presents."

"My gramma and my ma and ol' man Norsworthy dey come from Alabama. I never hear of him breakin' up a family. But when dey was livin' in

Geo'gy, my ma marry a man name' Hawthorne in Geo'gy. He wouldn' sell him to Marse Norsworthy when he come to Texas. Atter freedom marster go to Geo'gy to git him and bring him to Texas, but he done raisin' up anudder family dere and won't come. Li'l befo' she die her husban' come. When he 'bout wo' out and ready to die, den he come. Some of de ol'es' chillun 'member dey daddy and dey crazy for him to come and dey mek up de money for him. When he git here dey tek care of him 'till he die right dere at Olive. Ma tell 'em to write him he neenter (need not) come. She say he ain't no service to her. But he come and de daughter tek care of her ma and pa bofe."

"I's got 8 gran'chillun and 5 great-gran'chillun. I 'vides (divide) my time 'tween my daughter here and de one in Houston."

"You wants to tek my picture? Daughter, I don' want dat hat you got dere. Dat one of de chillun' hats. Git dat li'l bonnet. Dat becomes me better. I can't stan' much sun. Dey say I's got high blood pressue."

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

JULY

15¢

VERONICA
LAKE



"UNITED
WE
STAND"



GAY! "HER CARDBOARD LOVER"

FICTIONIZATION STARRING
NORMA SHEARER, ROBERT TAYLOR

WHY JIMMY CAGNEY is playing "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

Jeanette MacDonald's Message to Soldiers' Wives and Sweethearts

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CHAPTER XII

HOW THE WOMEN MOPPED UP COALDALE

from The Project Gutenberg eBook of
Autobiography of Mother Jones, by Mary Harris Jones

In Lonaconia, Maryland, there was a strike. I was there. In Hazelton, Pennsylvania, a convention was called to discuss the anthracite strike. I was there when they issued the strike call. One hundred and fifty thousand men responded. The men of Scranton and Shamokin and Coaldale and Panther Creek and Valley Battle. And I was there.

In Shamokin I met Miles Daugherty, an organizer. When he quit work and drew his pay, he gave one-half of his pay envelope to his wife and the other half he kept to rent halls and pay for lights for the union. Organizers did not draw much salary in those days and they did heroic, unselfish work.

Not far from Shamokin, in a little mountain town, the priest was holding a meeting when I went in. He was speaking in the church. I spoke in an open field. The priest told the men to go back and obey their masters and their reward would be in Heaven. He denounced the strikers as children of darkness. The miners left the church in a body and marched over to my meeting.

"Boys," I said, "this strike is called in order that you and your wives and your little ones may get a bit of Heaven before you die."

We organized the entire camp.

The fight went on. In Coaldale, in the Hazelton district, the miners were not permitted to assemble in any hall. It was necessary to win the strike in that district that the Coaldale miners be organized.

I went to a nearby mining town that was thoroughly organized and asked the women if they would help me get the Coaldale men out. This was in McAdoo. I told them to leave their men at home to take care of the family. I asked them to put on their kitchen clothes and bring mops and brooms with them and a couple of tin pans. We marched over the mountains fifteen miles, beating on the tin pans as if they were cymbals. At three o'clock in the morning we met the Crack Thirteen of the militia, patrolling the roads to Coaldale. The colonel of the regiment said "Halt! Move back!"

I said, "Colonel, the working men of America will not halt nor will they ever go back. The working man is going forward!"

"I'll charge bayonets," said he.

"On whom?"

"On your people."

"We are not enemies," said I. "We are just a band of working women whose brothers and husbands are in a battle for bread. We want our brothers in Coaldale to join us in our fight. We are here on the mountain road for our children's sake, for the nation's sake. We are not going to hurt anyone and surely you would not hurt us."

They kept us there till daybreak and when they saw the army of women in kitchen aprons, with dishpans and mops, they laughed and let us pass. An army of strong mining women makes a wonderfully spectacular picture.

Well, when the miners in the Coaldale camp started to go to work they were met by the McAdoo women who were beating on their pans and shouting, "Join the union! Join the union!"

They joined, every last man of them, and we got so enthusiastic that we organized the street car men who promised to haul no scabs for the coal companies. As there were no other groups to organize we marched over the mountains home, beating on our pans and singing patriotic songs.

Meanwhile President Mitchell and all his organizers were sleeping in the Valley Hotel over in Hazelton. They knew nothing of our march onto Coaldale until the newspaper men telephoned to him that "Mother Jones was raising hell up in the mountains with a bunch of wild women!"

He, of course, got nervous. He might have gotten more nervous if he had known how we made the mine bosses go home and how we told their wives to clean them up and make decent American citizens out of them. How we went around to the kitchen of the hotel where the militia were quartered and ate the breakfast that was on the table for the soldiers.

When I got back to Hazelton, Mitchell looked at me with surprise. I was worn out. Coaldale had been a strenuous night and morning and its thirty mile tramp. I assured Mitchell that no one had been hurt and no property injured. The military had acted like human beings. They took the matter as a joke. They enjoyed the morning's fun. I told him how scared the sheriff had been. He had been talking to me without knowing who I was.

"Oh Lord," he said, "that Mother Jones is sure a dangerous woman."

"Why don't you arrest her?" I asked him.

"Oh Lord, I couldn't. I'd have that mob of women with their mops and brooms after me and the jail ain't big enough to hold them all. They'd mop the life out of a fellow!"

Mr. Mitchell said, "My God, Mother, did you get home safe? What did you do?"

"I got five thousand men out and organized them. We had time left over so we organized the street car men and they will not haul any scabs into camp."

"Did you get hurt, Mother?"

"No, we did the hurting."

"Didn't the superintendents' bosses get after you?"

"No, we got after them. Their wives and our women were yelling around like cats. It was a great fight."

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28. **ABIGAIL ADAMS.**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
*Familiar Letters of John Adams and His Wife
Abigail Adams During the Revolution,*
by John Adams and Abigail Adams and Charles Francis Adams

Braintree, 16 October, 1774.

My much loved friend,--I dare not express to you, at three hundred miles' distance, how ardently I long for your return. I have some very miserly wishes, and cannot consent to your spending one hour in town, till, at least, I have had you twelve. The idea plays about my heart, unnerves my hand, whilst I write; awakens all the tender sentiments that years have increased and matured, and which, when with me, every day was dispensing to you. The whole collected stock of ten weeks' absence knows not how to brook any longer restraint, but will break forth and flow through my pen. May the like sensations enter thy breast, and (spite of

all the weighty cares of state) mingle themselves with those I wish to communicate; for, in giving them utterance, I have felt more sincere pleasure than I have known since the 10th of August.[60] Many have been the anxious hours I have spent since that day; the threatening aspect of our public affairs, the complicated distress of this province, the arduous and perplexed business in which you are engaged, have all conspired to agitate my bosom with fears and apprehensions to which I have heretofore been a stranger; and, far from thinking the scene closed, it looks as though the curtain was but just drawn, and only the first scene of the infernal plot disclosed. And whether the end will be tragical, Heaven alone knows. You cannot be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator; but if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country where there are neither wars nor rumors of war, in a firm belief, that through the mercy of its King we shall both rejoice there together.

I greatly fear that the arm of treachery and violence is lifted over us, as a scourge and heavy punishment from Heaven for our numerous offenses, and for the misimprovement of our great advantages. If we expect to inherit the blessings of our fathers, we should return a little more to their primitive simplicity of manners, and not sink into inglorious ease. We have too many high-sounding words, and too few actions that correspond with them. I have spent one Sabbath in town since you left. I saw no difference in respect to ornament, etc.; but in the country you must look for that virtue, of which you find but small glimmerings in the metropolis. Indeed, they have not the advantages, nor the resolution, to encourage our own manufactories, which people in the country have. To the mercantile part, it is considered as throwing away their own bread; but they must retrench their expenses, and be content with a small share of gain, for they will find but few who will wear their livery. As for me, I will seek wool and flax, and work willingly with my hands; and indeed there is occasion for all our industry and economy. You mention the removal of our books, etc., from Boston;[61] I believe they are safe there, and it would incommode the gentlemen to remove them, as they would not then have a place to repair to for study. I suppose they would not choose to be at the expense of boarding out. Mr. Williams, I believe, keeps pretty much with his mother. Mr. Hill's father had some thoughts of removing up to Braintree, provided he could be accommodated with a house, which he finds very difficult.

Mr. Cranch's last determination was to tarry in town unless anything new takes place. His friends in town oppose his removal so much that he is determined to stay. The opinion you have entertained of General Gage is, I believe, just. Indeed, he professes to act only upon the defensive. The people in the country begin to be very anxious for the Congress to rise; they have no idea of the weighty business you have to transact,

and their blood boils with indignation at the hostile preparations they are constant witnesses of. Mr. Quincy's so secret departure is matter of various speculation; some say he is deputed by the Congress, others that he is gone to Holland, and the Tories say he is gone to be hanged.[62]

I rejoice at the favorable account you give me of your health. May it be continued to you. My health is much better than it was last fall; some folks say I grow very fat. I venture to write almost anything in this letter, because I know the care of the bearer. He will be most sadly disappointed if you should be broken up before he arrives, as he is very desirous of being introduced by you to a number of gentlemen of respectable character. I almost envy him, that he should see you before I can. Mr. Thaxter and Mr. Rice present their regards to you. Uncle Quincy, too, sends his love to you. He is very good to call and see me, and so have many other of my friends been. Colonel Warren[63] and lady were here on Monday, and send their love to you. The Colonel promised to write. Mrs. Warren will spend a day or two, on her return, with me.

Your mother sends her love to you; and all your family, too numerous to name, desire to be remembered. You will receive letters from two who are as earnest to write to papa as if the welfare of a kingdom depended upon it.[64] If you can give any guess, within a month, let me know when you think of returning.

Your most affectionate

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 60: The date of Mr. Adams's departure.]

[Footnote 61: Letter of Mr. Adams, 29 September, 1774.]

[Footnote 62: See the Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr., by his son, Josiah Quincy, p. 182.]

[Footnote 63: James Warren, of Plymouth.]

[Footnote 64: One of these letters has been preserved. The writer was at this time seven years old. His subsequent career may make it interesting enough to print. It is written in a tolerably good, boy's hand, as follows:--

October 13, 1774.

Sir,--I have been trying ever since you went away to learn to write you a letter. I shall make poor work of it; but, sir, mamma says you will accept my endeavors, and that my duty to you may be expressed in poor writing as well as good. I hope I grow a better boy, and that you will have no occasion to be ashamed of me when you return. Mr. Thaxter says I learn my books well. He is a very good master. I read my books to mamma. We all long to see you. I am, sir, your dutiful son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.]

29. **JOHN ADAMS.**

Hartford,[65] 30 April, 1775.

New York has appointed an ample representation in our Congress, and has appointed a Provincial Congress. The people of the city have seized the city arms and ammunition out of the hands of the mayor, who is a creature of the Governor. Lord North will certainly be disappointed in his expectation of seducing New York. The Tories there durst not show their heads. The Jerseys are aroused, and greatly assist the friends of liberty in New York. North Carolina has done bravely; chosen the old delegates in Provincial Congress, and then confirmed the choice in General Assembly, in opposition to all that Governor Martin could do. The Assembly of this colony is now sitting at Hartford. We are treated with great tenderness, sympathy, friendship, and respect. Everything is doing by this colony that can be done by men, both for New York and Boston. Keep your spirits composed and calm, and don't suffer yourself to be disturbed by idle reports and frivolous alarms. We shall see better times yet. Lord North is insuring us success. I am wounded to the heart with the news, this moment told me, of Josiah Quincy's death.[66]

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 65: Mr. Adams left home on the 14th, on his second mission as a delegate of Massachusetts.]

[Footnote 66: Mr. Quincy died before the vessel which bore him home could reach its destination.]

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From a Letter to Cuthbert Bullitt. July 28, 1862_

from The Project Gutenberg eBook,
Speeches and Letters of Abraham Lincoln,
1832-1865, by Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Merwin Roe

Now, I think the true remedy is very different from that suggested by Mr. Durant. It does not lie in rounding the rough angles of the war, but in removing the necessity for the war. The people of Louisiana who wish protection to person and property, have but to reach forth their hands and take it. Let them in good faith reinaugurate the national authority, and set up a State government conforming thereto under the Constitution. They know how to do it, and can have the protection of the army while doing it. The army will be withdrawn as soon as such government can dispense with its presence, and the people of the State can then, upon the old constitutional terms, govern themselves to their own liking. This is very simple and easy.

If they will not do this, if they prefer to hazard all for the sake of destroying the government, it is for them to consider whether it is probable that I will surrender the government to save them from losing all. If they decline what I suggest, you will scarcely need to ask what I will do.

What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is, or would you prosecute it in future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose-water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier ones? Would you give up the contest, leaving any available means untried?

I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can; but I shall do all I can to save the government, which is my sworn duty as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing.

Letter to August Belmont. July 31, 1862

Dear Sir, You send to Mr. W---- an extract from a letter written at New Orleans the 9th instant, which is shown to me. You do not give the writer's name; but plainly he is a man of ability, and probably of some note. He says: "The time has arrived when Mr. Lincoln must take a decisive course. Trying to please everybody, he will satisfy nobody. A vacillating policy in matters of importance is the very worst. Now is the time, if ever, for honest men who love their country to rally to its

support. Why will not the North say officially that it wishes for the restoration of the Union as it was?"

And so, it seems, this is the point on which the writer thinks I have no policy. Why will he not read and understand what I have said?

The substance of the very declaration he desires is in the inaugural, in each of the two regular messages to Congress, and in many, if not all, the minor documents issued by the Executive since the Inauguration.

Broken eggs cannot be mended; but Louisiana has nothing to do now but to take her place in the Union as it was, barring the already broken eggs. The sooner she does so, the smaller will be the amount of that which will be past mending. This government cannot much longer play a game in which it stakes all, and its enemies stake nothing. Those enemies must understand that they cannot experiment for ten years trying to destroy the government, and if they fail still come back into the Union unhurt. If they expect in any contingency to ever have the Union as it was, I join with the writer in saying, "Now is the time."

How much better it would have been for the writer to have gone at this, under the protection of the army at New Orleans, than to have sat down in a closet writing complaining letters northward.

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April 27 - May 5, 1804

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*History of the Expedition under the Command
of Captains Lewis and Clark, Vol. I.,*
by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark

April 27. We left the mouth of the Yellowstone. From the point of junction a wood occupies the space between the two rivers, which at the distance of a mile comes within two hundred and fifty yards of each other. There a beautiful low plain commences, and widening as the rivers recede, extends along each of them for several miles, rising about half a mile from the Missouri into a plain twelve feet higher than itself. The low plain is a few inches above high water mark, and where it joins the higher plain there is a channel of sixty or seventy yards in width, through which a part of the Missouri when at its greatest height passes into the Yellowstone. At two and a half miles above the junction and between the high and low plain is a small lake, two hundred yards wide, extending for a mile parallel with the Missouri along the edge of the upper plain. At the lower extremity of this lake, about four hundred

yards from the Missouri, and twice that distance from the Yellowstone, is a situation highly eligible for a trading establishment; it is in the high plain which extends back three miles in width, and seven or eight miles in length, along the Yellowstone, where it is bordered by an extensive body of woodland, and along the Missouri with less breadth, till three miles above it is circumscribed by the hills within a space four yards in width. A sufficient quantity of limestone for building may easily be procured near the junction of the rivers; it does not lie in regular stratas, but is in large irregular masses, of a light colour and apparently of an excellent quality. Game too is very abundant, and as yet quite gentle; above all, its elevation recommends it as preferable to the land at the confluence of the rivers, which their variable channels may render very insecure. The N.W. wind rose so high at eleven o'clock, that we were obliged to stop till about four in the afternoon, when we proceeded till dusk. On the south a beautiful plain separates the two rivers, till at about six miles there is a timbered piece of low ground, and a little above it bluffs, where the country rises gradually from the river; the situations on the north more high and open. We encamped on that side, the wind, the sand which it raised, and the rapidity of the current having prevented our advancing more than eight miles; during the latter part of the day the river becomes wider and crowded with sandbars: although the game is in such plenty we kill only what is necessary for our subsistence. For several days past we have seen great numbers of buffaloe lying dead along the shore, and some of them partly devoured by the wolves; they have either sunk through the ice during the winter, or been drowned in attempting to cross, or else, after crossing to some high bluff, found themselves too much exhausted either to ascend or swim back again, and perished for want of food; in this situation we found several small parties of them. There are geese too in abundance, and more bald-eagles than we have hitherto observed; the nests of these last being always accompanied by those of two or three magpies, who are their inseparable attendants.

Sunday 28. The day was clear and pleasant, and the wind having shifted to southeast, we could employ our sails, and went twenty-four miles to a low ground on the north opposite to steep bluffs: the country on both sides is much broken, the hills approaching nearer to the river, and forming bluffs, some of a white and others of a red colour, and exhibiting the usual appearances of minerals, and some burnt hills though without any pumicestone; the salts are in greater quantities than usual, and the banks and sandbars are covered with a white incrustation like frost. The low grounds are level, fertile and partially timbered, but are not so wide as for a few days past. The woods are now green, but the plains and meadows seem to have less verdure than those below: the only streams which we met to-day are two small runs on the north and one

on the south, which rise in the neighbouring hills, and have very little water. At the distance of eighteen miles the Missouri makes a considerable bend to the southeast: the game is very abundant, the common, and mule or blacktailed deer, elk, buffaloe, antelope, brown bear, beaver, and geese. The beaver have committed great devastation among the trees, one of which, nearly three feet in diameter, has been gnawed through by them.

Monday 29. We proceeded early with a moderate wind: captain Lewis who was on shore with one hunter met about eight o'clock two white bears: of the strength and ferocity of this animal, the Indians had given us dreadful accounts: they never attack him but in parties of six or eight persons, and even then are often defeated with the loss of one or more of the party. Having no weapons but bows and arrows, and the bad guns with which the traders supply them, they are obliged to approach very near to the bear; and as no wound except through the head or heart is mortal, they frequently fall a sacrifice if they miss their aim. He rather attacks than avoids a man, and such is the terror which he has inspired, that the Indians who go in quest of him paint themselves and perform all the superstitious rites customary when they make war on a neighbouring nation. Hitherto those we had seen did not appear desirous of encountering us, but although to a skilful rifleman the danger is very much diminished, yet the white bear is still a terrible animal: on approaching these two, both captain Lewis and the hunter fired and each wounded a bear: one of them made his escape; the other turned upon captain Lewis and pursued him seventy or eighty yards, but being badly wounded he could not run so fast as to prevent him from reloading his piece, which he again aimed at him, and a third shot from the hunter brought him to the ground: he was a male not quite full grown, and weighed about three hundred pounds: the legs are somewhat longer than those of the black bear, and the talons and tusks much larger and longer. The testicles are also placed much farther forward and suspended in separate pouches from two to four inches asunder, while those of the black bear are situated back between the thighs and in a single pouch like those of the dog: its colour is a yellowish brown, the eyes small, black, and piercing, the front of the fore legs near the feet is usually black, and the fur is finer, thicker, and deeper than that of the black bear: add to which, it is a more furious animal, and very remarkable for the wounds which it will bear without dying.

We are surrounded with deer, elk, buffaloe, antelopes, and their companions the wolves, who have become more numerous and make great ravages among them: the hills are here much more rough and high, and almost overhang the banks of the river. There are greater appearances of coal than we have hitherto seen, the stratas of it being in some places six feet thick, and there are stratas of burnt earth, which are always

on the same level with those of coal. In the evening after coming twenty-five miles we encamped at the entrance of a river which empties itself into a bend on the north side of the Missouri: this stream which we called Martha's river, is about fifty yards wide, with water for fifteen yards, the banks are of earth, and steep, though not high, and the bed principally of mud. Captain Clarke, who ascended it for three miles, found that it continued of the same width with a gentle current, and pursuing its course about north 30° west, through an extensive, fertile, and beautiful valley, but without a single tree. The water is clear, and has a brownish yellow tint; at this place the highlands which yesterday and to-day had approached so near the river became lower, and receding from the water left a valley seven or eight miles wide.

Tuesday 30. The wind was high from the north during last evening and continued so this morning: we however continued, and found the river more winding than usual and with a number of sand islands and bars, on one of which last we encamped at the distance of twenty-four miles. The low grounds are fertile and extensive but with very little timber, and that cottonwood, very bad of its kind, being too small for planks, and broken and dead at the top and unsound in the centre of the trunk. We passed some ancient lodges of driftwood which do not appear to have been lately inhabited. The game continues abundant: we killed the largest male elk we have yet seen; on placing it in its natural erect position, we found that it measured five feet three inches from the point of the hoof to the top of the shoulder. The antelopes are yet lean and the females are with young: this fleet and quick-sighted animal is generally the victim of its curiosity: when they first see the hunters they run with great velocity; if he lies down on the ground and lifts up his arm, his hat, or his foot, the antelope returns on a light trot to look at the object, and sometimes goes and returns two or three times till they approach within reach of the rifle; so too they sometimes leave their flock to go and look at the wolves who crouch down, and if the antelope be frightened at first repeat the same manoeuvre, and sometimes relieve each other till they decoy it from the party when they seize it. But generally the wolves take them as they are crossing the rivers, for although swift of foot they are not good swimmers.

Wednesday, May 1. The wind was in our favour and we were enabled to use the sails till twelve o'clock, when the wind became so high and squally that we were forced to come to at the distance of ten miles on the south, in a low ground stocked with cottonwood, and remain there during the day; one of the canoes being separated from us, and not able to cross over in consequence of the high waves. The country around is more pleasant than that through which we had passed for several days, the hills being lower, the low grounds wider and better supplied with timber, which consists principally of cottonwood: the undergrowth willow

on the banks and sandbars, rosebushes, redwillow, and the broad-leaved willow in the low plains, while the high country on both sides is one extensive plain without wood, though the soil is a dark, rich, mellow loam. Our hunters killed a buffaloe, an elk, a goat, and two beaver, and also a bird of the plover kind.

Thursday, 2d. The wind continued high during the night, and at daylight it began to snow and did not stop till ten o'clock, when the ground was covered an inch deep, forming a striking contrast with the vegetation which is now considerably advanced; some flowers having put forth, and the cottonwood leaves as large as a dollar. The wind lulled about five o'clock in the afternoon, and we then proceeded along wide fertile low grounds and high level plains, and encamped at the distance of four miles. Our game to-day was deer, elk, and buffaloe: we also procured three beaver who are quite gentle, as they have not been hunted, but when the hunters are in pursuit they never leave their huts during the day: this animal we esteem a great delicacy, particularly the tail, which when boiled resembles in flavor the flesh tongues and sounds of the codfish, and is generally so large as to afford a plentiful meal for two men. One of the hunters in passing near an old Indian camp found several yards of scarlet cloth, suspended on the bough of a tree as a sacrifice to the deity by the Assiniboin: the custom of making these offerings being common among that people as indeed among all the Indians on the Missouri. The air was sharp this evening; the water froze on the oars as we rowed, and in the morning.

Friday, 3d, the weather became quite cold, the ice was a quarter of an inch thick in the kettle, and the snow still continued on the hills though it has melted from the plains. The wind too continued high from the west, but not so violently as to prevent our going on. At two miles from our encampment we passed a curious collection of bushes about thirty feet high and ten or twelve in diameter, tied in the form of a fascine and standing on end in the middle of the low ground: this too we supposed to have been left by the Indians as a religious sacrifice: at twelve o'clock the usual hour we halted for dinner. The low grounds on the river are much wider than common, sometimes extending from five to nine miles to the highlands, which are much lower than heretofore, not being more than fifty or sixty feet above the lower plain: through all this valley traces of the ancient bed of the river are every where visible, and since the hills have become lower, the stratas of coal, burnt earth, and pumicestone have in a great measure ceased, there being in fact none to-day. At the distance of fourteen miles we reached the mouth of a river on the north, which from the unusual number of porcupines near it, we called Porcupine river. This is a bold and beautiful stream one hundred and twelve yards wide, though the water is only forty yards at its entrance: captain Clarke who ascended it several

miles and passed it above where it enters the highlands, found it continued nearly of the same width and about knee deep, and as far as he could distinguish for twenty miles from the hills, its course was from a little to the east of north. There was much timber on the low grounds: he found some limestone also on the surface of the earth in the course of his walk, and saw a range of low mountains at a distance to the west of north, whose direction was northwest; the adjoining country being every where level, fertile, open, and exceedingly beautiful. The water of this river is transparent, and is the only one that is so of all those that fall into the Missouri: before entering a large sandbar through which it discharges itself, its low grounds are formed of a stiff blue and black clay, and its banks which are from eight to ten feet high and seldom if ever overflow are composed of the same materials. From the quantity of water which this river contains, its direction, and the nature of the country through which it passes, it is not improbable that its sources may be near the main body of the Saskaskawan, and as in high water it can be no doubt navigated to a considerable distance, it may be rendered the means of intercourse with the Athabasky country, from which the northwest company derive so many of their valuable furs.

A quarter of a mile beyond this river a creek falls in on the south, to which on account of its distance from the mouth of the Missouri, we gave it the name of Two-thousand mile creek: it is a bold stream with a bed thirty yards wide. Three miles and a half above Porcupine river, we reached some high timber on the north, and encamped just above an old channel of the river, which is now dry. We saw vast quantities of buffaloe, elk, deer, principally of the long tailed kind, antelopes, beaver, geese, ducks, brant, and some swan. The porcupines too are numerous, and so careless and clumsy that we can approach very near without disturbing them as they are feeding on the young willows; towards evening we also found for the first time, the nest of a goose among some driftwood, all that we have hitherto seen being on the top of a broken tree on the forks, and invariably from fifteen to twenty feet or more in height.

Saturday 4. We were detained till nine in order to repair the rudder of one of the boats, and when we set out the wind was ahead; at six and a half miles we passed a small creek in a deep bend on the south with a sand island opposite to it, and then passing along an extensive plain which gradually rises from the north side of the river, encamped at the distance of eighteen miles in a point of woodland on the north: the river is this day wider than usual, and crowded with sandbars on all sides: the country is level, fertile, and beautiful, the low grounds extensive and contain a much greater portion of timber than is common: indeed all the forepart of the day the river was bordered with timber on

both sides, a circumstance very rare on the Missouri, and the first that has occurred since we left the Mandans. There are as usual vast quantities of game, and extremely gentle; the male buffaloe particularly will scarcely give way to us, and as we approach will merely look at us for a moment, as something new, and then quietly resume their feeding. In the course of the day we passed some old Indian hunting camps, one of which consisted of two large lodges fortified with a circular fence, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and made of timber laid horizontally, the beams overlaying each other to the height of five feet, and covered with the trunks and limbs of trees that have drifted down the river: the lodges themselves are formed by three or more strong sticks about the size of a man's leg or arm, and twelve feet long, which are attached at the top by a with of small willows, and spreading out so as to form at the base a circle of ten or fourteen feet in diameter: against these are placed pieces of driftwood and fallen timber, usually in three ranges one on the other, and the interstices are covered with leaves, bark, and straw, so as to form a conical figure about ten feet high, with a small aperture in one side for the door. It is, however, at best a very imperfect shelter against the inclemencies of the seasons.

Sunday 5. We had a fine morning, and the wind being from the east we used our sails. At the distance of five miles we came to a small island, and twelve miles farther encamped on the north, at the distance of seventeen miles. The country like that of yesterday is beautiful in the extreme. Among the vast quantities of game around us, we distinguish a small species of goose differing considerably from the common Canadian goose; its neck, head, and beak, being much thicker, larger, and shorter in proportion to its size, which is nearly a third smaller; the noise too resembling more that of the brant or of a young goose that has not yet fully acquired its note; in other respects its colour, habits, and the number of feathers in the tail, the two species correspond; this species also associates in flocks with the large geese, but we have not seen it pair off with them. The white brant is about the size of the common brown brant, or two thirds of the common goose, than which it is also six inches shorter from the extremity of the wings, though the beak, head, and neck are larger and stronger: the body and wings are of a beautiful pure white, except the black feathers of the first and second joints of the wings; the beak and legs are of a reddish or flesh-coloured white, the eye of a moderate size, the pupil of a deep sea-green incircled with a ring of yellowish brown, the tail consists of sixteen feathers equally long, the flesh is dark and as well as its note differs but little from those of the common brant, whom in form and habits it resembles, and with whom it sometimes unites in a common flock; the white brant also associate by themselves in large flocks, but as they do not seem to be mated or paired off, it is doubtful whether they reside here during the summer for the purpose of rearing their

young.

The wolves are also very abundant, and are of two species. First, the small wolf or burrowing dog of the prairies, which are found in almost all the open plains. It is of an intermediate size between the fox and dog, very delicately formed, fleet and active. The ears are large, erect, and pointed, the head long and pointed, like that of the fox; the tail long and bushy; the hair and fur of a pale reddish brown colour, though much coarser than that of the fox; the eye of a deep sea-green colour, small and piercing; the talons rather longer than those of the wolf of the Atlantic states, which animal as far as we can perceive is not to be found on this side of the river Platte. These wolves usually associate in bands of ten or twelve, and are rarely if ever seen alone, not being able singly to attack a deer or antelope. They live and rear their young in burrows, which they fix near some pass or spot much frequented by game, and sally out in a body against any animal which they think they can overpower, but on the slightest alarm retreat to their burrows making a noise exactly like that of a small dog.

The second species is lower, shorter in the legs and thicker than the Atlantic wolf; their colour, which is not affected by the seasons, is of every variety of shade, from a gray or blackish brown to a cream coloured white. They do not burrow, nor do they bark, but howl, and they frequent the woods and plains, and skulk along the skirts of the buffalo herds, in order to attack the weary or wounded.

Captain Clarke and one of the hunters met this evening the largest brown bear we have seen. As they fired he did not attempt to attack, but fled with a most tremendous roar, and such was its extraordinary tenacity of life, that although he had five balls passed through his lungs and five other wounds, he swam more than half across the river to a sandbar, and survived twenty minutes. He weighed between five and six hundred pounds at least, and measured eight feet seven inches and a half from the nose to the extremity of the hind feet, five feet ten inches and half round the breast, three feet eleven inches round the neck, one foot eleven inches round the middle of the foreleg, and his talons, five on each foot, were four inches and three eighths in length. It differs from the common black bear in having its talons much longer and more blunt; its tail shorter; its hair of a reddish or bay brown, longer, finer, and more abundant; his liver, lungs, and heart, much larger even in proportion to his size, the heart particularly being equal to that of a large ox; his maw ten times larger; his testicles pendant from the belly and in separate pouches four inches apart: besides fish and flesh he feeds on roots, and every kind of wild fruit.

The antelope are now lean and with young, so that they may readily be

caught at this season, as they cross the river from S.W. to N.E.

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Suribachi

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Closing In: Marines in the Seizure of Iwo Jima,
by Joseph H. Alexander

The Japanese called the dormant volcano Suribachi-yama; the Marines dubbed it "Hotrocks." From the start the Marines knew their drive north would never succeed without first seizing that hulking rock dominating the southern plain. "Suribachi seemed to take on a life of its own, to be watching these men, looming over them," recalled one observer, adding "the mountain represented to these Marines a thing more evil than the Japanese."

Colonel Kanehiko Atsuchi commanded the 2,000 soldiers and sailors of the Suribachi garrison. The Japanese had honeycombed the mountain with gun positions, machine-gun nests, observation sites, and tunnels, but Atsuchi had lost many of his large-caliber guns in the direct naval bombardment of the preceding three days. General Kuribayashi considered Atsuchi's command to be semiautonomous, realizing the invaders would soon cut communications across the island's narrow southern tip. Kuribayashi nevertheless hoped Suribachi could hold out for 10 days, maybe two weeks.

Some of Suribachi's stoutest defenses existed down low, around the rubble-strewn base. Here nearly 70 camouflaged concrete blockhouses protected the approaches to the mountain; another 50 bulged from the slopes within the first hundred feet of elevation. Then came the caves, the first of hundreds the Marines would face on Iwo Jima.

The 28th Marines had suffered nearly 400 casualties in cutting across the neck of the island on D-day. On D+1, in a cold rain, they prepared to assault the mountain. Lieutenant Colonel Chandler Johnson, commanding the 2d Battalion, 28th Marines, set the tone for the morning as he deployed his tired troops forward: "It's going to be a hell of a day in a hell of a place to fight the damned war!" Some of the 105mm batteries of the 13th Marines opened up in support, firing directly overhead. Gun crews fired from positions hastily dug in the black sand directly next to the 28th Marines command post. Regimental Executive Officer Lieutenant Colonel Robert H. Williams watched the cannoneers fire at Suribachi "eight hundred yards away over open sights."

[Illustration: _A dug-in Marine 81mm mortar crew places continuous fire on Japanese positions around the slopes of Mount Suribachi preparatory to the attack of the 28th Marines._

Department of Defense Photo (USMC) 109861

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As the Marines would learn during their drive north, even 105mm howitzers would hardly shiver the concrete pillboxes of the enemy. As the prep fire lifted, the infantry leapt forward, only to run immediately into very heavy machine-gun and mortar fire. Colonel Harry B. "Harry the Horse" Liversedge bellowed for his tanks. But the 5th Tank Battalion was already having a frustrating morning. The tankers sought a defilade spot in which to rearm and refuel for the day's assault. Such a location did not exist on Iwo Jima those first days. Every time the tanks congregated to service their vehicles they were hit hard by Japanese mortar and artillery fire from virtually the entire island. Getting sufficient vehicles serviced to join the assault took most of the morning. Hereafter the tankers would maintain and re-equip their vehicles at night.

[Illustration:

Colonel William P. McCahill Collection

The crew of the Sherman tank "Cairo" awaits a repair crew to replace its tread after it hit a Japanese mine. Note wooden sheathing on sides of vehicle to protect against magnetic mines. Damaged vehicles became prime enemy targets.]

This day's slow start led to more setbacks for the tankers; Japanese antitank gunners hiding in the jumbled boulders knocked out the first approaching Shermans. Assault momentum slowed further. The 28th Marines overran 40 strongpoints and gained roughly 200 yards all day. They lost a Marine for every yard gained. The tankers unknowingly redeemed themselves when one of their final 75mm rounds caught Colonel Atsuchi as he peered out of a cave entrance, killing him instantly.

Elsewhere, the morning light on D+1 revealed the discouraging sights of the chaos created along the beaches by the combination of Iwo Jima's wicked surf and Kuribayashi's unrelenting barrages. In the words of one dismayed observer:

The wreckage was indescribable. For two miles the debris was so thick that there were only a few places where landing craft could still get in. The wrecked hulls of scores of landing boats

testified to one price we had to pay to put our troops ashore. Tanks and half-tracks lay crippled where they had bogged down in the coarse sand. Amphibian tractors, victims of mines and well-aimed shells, lay flopped on their backs. Cranes, brought ashore to unload cargo, tilted at insane angles, and bulldozers were smashed in their own roadways.

Bad weather set in, further compounding the problems of general unloading. Strong winds whipped sea swells into a nasty chop; the surf turned uglier. These were the conditions faced by Lieutenant Colonel Carl A. Youngdale in trying to land the 105mm-howitzer batteries of his 4th Battalion, 14th Marines. All 12 of these guns were preloaded in DUKWs, one to a vehicle. Added to the amphibious trucks' problems of marginal seaworthiness with that payload was contaminated fuel. As Youngdale watched in horror, eight DUKWs suffered engine failures, swamped, and sank with great loss of life. Two more DUKWs broached in the surf zone, spilling their invaluable guns into deep water. At length Youngdale managed to get his remaining two guns ashore and into firing position.

[Illustration:

Department of Defense Photo (USMC) 110319

Like some recently killed prehistoric monsters, these LVTs lie on their sides, completely destroyed on the beach by Japanese mines and heavy artillery fire.]

General Schmidt also committed one battery of 155mm howitzers of the corps artillery to the narrow beachhead on D+1. Somehow these weapons managed to reach the beach intact, but it then took hours to get tractors to drag the heavy guns up over the terraces. These, too, commenced firing before dark, their deep bark a welcome sound to the infantry.

Concern with the heavy casualties in the first 24 hours led Schmidt to commit the 21st Marines from corps reserve. The seas proved to be too rough. The troops had harrowing experiences trying to debark down cargo nets into the small boats bobbing violently alongside the transports; several fell into the water. The boating process took hours. Once afloat, the troops circled endlessly in their small Higgins boats, waiting for the call to land. Wiser heads prevailed. After six hours of awful seasickness, the 21st Marines returned to its ships for the night.

Even the larger landing craft, the LCTs and LSMs, had great difficulty beaching. Sea anchors needed to maintain the craft perpendicular to

the breakers rarely held fast in the steep, soft bottom. “Dropping those stern anchors was like dropping a spoon in a bowl of mush,” said Admiral Hill.

Hill contributed significantly to the development of amphibious expertise in the Pacific War. For Iwo Jima, he and his staff developed armored bulldozers to land in the assault waves. They also experimented with hinged Marston matting, used for expeditionary airfields, as a temporary roadway to get wheeled vehicles over soft sand. On the beach at Iwo, the bulldozers proved to be worth their weights in gold. The Marston matting was only partially successful--LVTs kept chewing it up in passage--but all hands could see its potential.

[Illustration: _“Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,” acrylic on masonite, is by Col Charles H. Waterhouse, wounded in his arm on D+2 and evacuated from Iwo Jima._

Marine Corps Combat Art Collection

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Admiral Hill also worked with the Naval Construction Battalion (NCB) personnel, Seabees, as they were called, in the attempt to bring supply-laden causeways and pontoon barges ashore. Again the surf prevailed, breaching the craft, spilling the cargo. In desperation, Hill’s beachmasters turned to round-the-clock use of DUKWs and LVTs to keep combat cargo flowing. Once the DUKWs got free of the crippling load of 105mm howitzers they did fine. LVTs were probably better, because they could cross the soft beach without assistance and conduct resupply or medevac missions directly along the front lines. Both vehicles suffered from inexperienced LST crews in the transport area who too often would not lower their bow ramps to accommodate LVTs or DUKWs approaching after dark. In too many cases, vehicles loaded with wounded Marines thus rejected became lost in the darkness, ran out of gas and sank. The amphibian tractor battalions lost 148 LVTs at Iwo Jima. Unlike Tarawa, Japanese gunfire and mines accounted for less than 20 percent of this total. Thirty-four LVTs fell victim to Iwo’s crushing surf; 88 sank in deep water, mostly at night.

Once ashore and clear of the loose sand along the beaches, the tanks, half-tracks, and armored bulldozers of the landing force ran into the strongest minefield defenses yet encountered in the Pacific War. Under General Kuribayashi’s direction, Japanese engineers had planted irregular rows of antitank mines and the now-familiar horned antiboat mines along all possible exits from both beaches. The Japanese supplemented these weapons by rigging enormous makeshift explosives from 500-pound aerial bombs, depth charges, and torpedo heads, each

triggered by an accompanying pressure mine. Worse, Iwo's loose soil retained enough metallic characteristics to render the standard mine detectors unreliable. The Marines were reduced to using their own engineers on their hands and knees out in front of the tanks, probing for mines with bayonets and wooden sticks.

While the 28th Marines fought to encircle Suribachi and the beachmasters and shore party attempted to clear the wreckage from the beaches, the remaining assault units of the VAC resumed their collective assault against Airfield No. 1. In the 5th Marine Division's zone, the relatively fresh troops of the 1st Battalion, 26th Marines, and the 3d Battalion, 27th Marines, quickly became bloodied in forcing their way across the western runways, taking heavy casualties from time-fuzed air bursts fired by Japanese dual-purpose antiaircraft guns zeroed along the exposed ground. In the adjacent 4th Division zone, the 23d Marines completed the capture of the airstrip, advancing 800 yards but sustaining high losses.

[Illustration:

Marine Corps Historical Collection

Marines advance warily on Airfield No. 1 towards wrecked Japanese planes in which enemy snipers are suspected of hiding. The assault quickly moved on.]

Some of the bitterest fighting in the initial phase of the landing continued to occur along the high ground above the Rock Quarry on the right flank. Here the 25th Marines, reinforced by the 1st Battalion, 24th Marines, engaged in literally the fight of its life. The Marines found the landscape, and the Japanese embedded in it, unreal:

There was no cover from enemy fire. Japs dug in reinforced concrete pillboxes laid down interlocking bands of fire that cut whole companies to ribbons. Camouflage hid all enemy positions. The high ground on either side was honeycombed with layer after layer of Jap emplacements.... Their observation was perfect; whenever a Marine made a move, the Japs would smother the area in a murderous blanket of fire.

The second day of the battle had proven unsatisfactory on virtually every front. To cap off the frustration, when the 1st Battalion, 24th Marines, finally managed a breakthrough along the cliffs late in the day their only reward was two back-to-back cases of "friendly fire." An American air strike inflicted 11 casualties; misguided salvos from an unidentified gunfire support ship took down 90 more. Nothing seemed to

be going right.

The morning of the third day, D+2, seemed to promise more of the same frustrations. Marines shivered in the cold wind and rain; Admiral Hill twice had to close the beach due to high surf and dangerous undertows. But during one of the grace periods, the 3d Division's 21st Marines managed to come ashore, all of it extremely glad to be free of the heaving small boats. General Schmidt assigned it to the 4th Marine Division at first.

The 28th Marines resumed its assault on the base of Suribachi, more slow, bloody fighting, seemingly boulder by boulder. On the west coast, the 1st Battalion, 28th Marines, made the most of field artillery and naval gunfire support to reach the shoulder of the mountain. Elsewhere, murderous Japanese fire restricted any progress to a matter of yards. Enemy mortar fire from all over the volcano rained down on the 2d Battalion, 28th Marines, trying to advance along the eastern shore. Recalled rifleman Richard Wheeler of the experience, "It was terrible, the worst I can remember us taking. The Jap mortarmen seemed to be playing checkers and using us as squares." The Marines used Weasels, handy little tracked vehicles making their first field appearance in this battle, to hustle forward flame-thrower canisters and evacuate some of the many wounded.

[Illustration:

Colonel William P. McCahill Collection

Flamethrower teams look like futuristic fighters as they leave their assembly area heading for the front lines. The casualty rate for flamethrower operators was high, since they were prime targets for Japanese fire because of the profile they had with the flamethrowers strapped to their backs. When they fell, others took their places.]

That night the amphibious task force experienced the only significant air attack of the battle. Fifty _kamikaze_ pilots from the _22d Mitate Special Attack Unit_ left Katori Airbase near Yokosuka and flung themselves against the ships on the outer perimeter of Iwo Jima. In desperate action that would serve as a prelude to Okinawa's fiery engagements, the _kamikazes_ sank the escort carrier _Bismarck Sea_ with heavy loss of life and damaged several other ships, including the veteran _Saratoga_, finally knocked out of the war. All 50 Japanese planes were expended.

It rained even harder on the fourth morning, D+3. Marines scampering forward under fire would hit the deck, roll, attempt to return

fire--only to discover that the loose volcanic grit had combined with the rain to jam their weapons. The 21st Marines, as the vanguard of the 3d Marine Division, hoped for good fortune in its initial commitment after relieving the 23d Marines. The regiment instead ran headlong into an intricate series of Japanese emplacements which marked the southeastern end of the main Japanese defenses. The newcomers fought hard all day to scratch and claw an advance of 200 net yards. Casualties were disproportionate.

[Illustration: _In the attack of the 28th Marines on the dominating height, a 37mm guncrew fires at caves at the foot of Suribachi suspected of holding Japanese gun positions._

Department of Defense Photo (USMC) 110139

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On the right flank, Lieutenant Colonel Chambers continued to rally the 3d Battalion, 25th Marines, through the rough pinnacles above the Rock Quarry. As he strode about directing the advance of his decimated companies that afternoon, a Japanese gunner shot him through the chest. Chambers went down hard, thinking it was all over:

I started fading in and out. I don't remember too much about it except the frothy blood gushing out of my mouth.... Then somebody started kicking the hell out of my feet. It was [Captain James] Headley saying, "Get up, you were hurt worse on Tulagi!"

Captain Headley knew Chambers' sucking chest wound portended a grave injury; he sought to reduce his commander's shock until they could get him out of the line of fire. This took doing. Lieutenant Michael F. Keleher, USNR, now the battalion surgeon, crawled forward with one of his corpsmen. Willing hands lifted Chambers on a stretcher. Keleher and several others, bent double against the fire, carried him down the cliffs to the aid station and eventually on board a DUKW making the evening's last run out to the hospital ships. All three battalion commanders in the 25th Marines had now become casualties. Chambers would survive to receive the Medal of Honor; Captain Headley would command the shot-up 3d Battalion, 25th Marines, for the duration of the battle.

[Illustration:

Department of Defense Photo (USMC) 110177

_From the time of the landing on Iwo Jima, attacking Marines seemed to be moving uphill constantly. This scene is located between Purple Beach

and Airfield No. 2.]

[Illustration: A lone Marine covers the left flank of a patrol as it works its way up the slopes of Mount Suribachi. It was from this vantage point on the enemy-held height that Japanese gunners and observers had a clear view of the landing beaches.]

Department of Defense Photo (USMC) A419744

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By contrast, the 28th Marines on D+3 made commendable progress against Suribachi, reaching the shoulder at all points. Late in the day combat patrols from the 1st Battalion, 28th Marines, and the 2d Battalion, 28th Marines, linked up at Tobiishi Point at the southern tip of the island. Recon patrols returned to tell Lieutenant Colonel Johnson that they found few signs of live Japanese along the mountain's upper slopes on the northside.

At sundown Admiral Spruance authorized Task Force 58 to strike Honshu and Okinawa, then retire to Ulithi to prepare for the Ryukyuan campaign. All eight Marine Corps fighter squadrons thus left the Iwo Jima area for good. Navy pilots flying off the 10 remaining escort carriers would pick up the slack. Without slighting the skill and valor of these pilots, the quality of close air support to the troops fighting ashore dropped off after this date. The escort carriers, for one thing, had too many competing missions, namely combat air patrols, anti-submarine sweeps, searches for downed aviators, harassing strikes against neighboring Chichi Jima. Marines on Iwo Jima complained of slow response time to air support requests, light payloads (rarely greater than 100-pound bombs), and high delivery altitudes (rarely below 1,500 feet). The Navy pilots did deliver a number of napalm bombs. Many of these failed to detonate, although this was not the fault of the aviators; the early napalm "bombs" were simply old wing-tanks filled with the mixture, activated by unreliable detonators. The Marines also grew concerned about these notoriously inaccurate area weapons being dropped from high altitudes.

By Friday, 23 February (D+4), the 28th Marines stood poised to complete the capture of Mount Suribachi. The honor went to the 3d Platoon (reinforced), Company E, 2d Battalion, 28th Marines, under the command of First Lieutenant Harold G. Schrier, the company executive officer. Lieutenant Colonel Johnson ordered Schrier to scale the summit, secure the crater, and raise a 54"×28" American flag for all to see. Schrier led his 40-man patrol forward at 0800. The regiment had done its job, blasting the dozens of pillboxes with flame and demolitions, rooting out snipers, knocking out the masked batteries. The combined-arms

pounding by planes, field pieces, and naval guns the past week had likewise taken its toll on the defenders. Those who remained popped out of holes and caves to resist Schrier's advance only to be cut down. The Marines worked warily up the steep northern slope, sometimes resorting to crawling on hands and knees.

Part of the enduring drama of the Suribachi flag-raising was the fact that it was observed by so many people. Marines all over the island could track the progress of the tiny column of troops during its ascent ("those guys oughta be getting flight pay," said one wag). Likewise, hundreds of binoculars from the ships offshore watched Schrier's Marines climbing ever upward. Finally they reached the top and momentarily disappeared from view. Those closest to the volcano could hear distant gunfire. Then, at 1020, there was movement on the summit; suddenly the Stars and Stripes fluttered bravely.

Lusty cheers rang out from all over the southern end of the island. The ships sounded their sirens and whistles. Wounded men propped themselves up on their litters to glimpse the sight. Strong men wept unashamedly. Navy Secretary Forrestal, thrilled by the sight, turned to Holland Smith and said, "the raising of that flag means a Marine Corps for another five hundred years."

Three hours later an even larger flag went up to more cheers. Few would know that Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal had just captured the embodiment of the American warfighting spirit on film. Leatherneck magazine photographer Staff Sergeant Lou Lowery had taken a picture of the first flag-raising and almost immediately got in a firefight with a couple of enraged Japanese. His photograph would become a valued collector's item. But Rosenthal's would enthrall the free world.

Captain Thomas M. Fields, commanding Company D, 1st Battalion, 26th Marines, heard his men yell "Look up there!" and turned in time to see the first flag go up. His first thought dealt with the battle still at hand: "Thank God the Japs won't be shooting us down from behind any more." Meanwhile, the 14th Marines rushed their echo and flash-ranging equipment up to the summit. The landing force sorely needed enhanced counterbattery fire against Kuribayashi's big guns to the north.

The Marines who raised the first flag were Lieutenant Schrier; Platoon Sergeant Ernest T. Thomas, Jr.; Sergeant Henry O. Hansen; Corporal Charles W. Lindberg; and Privates First Class Louis C. Charlo and James Michels. The six men immortalized by Joe Rosenthal's photograph of the second flag-raising were Sergeant Michael Strank, Pharmacist's Mate 2/c John H. Bradley, Corporal Harlon H. Block, and Privates First Class Ira

H. Hayes, Franklin R. Sousley, and Rene A. Gagnon.

The 28th Marines took Suribachi in three days at the cost of more than 500 troops (added to its D-day losses of 400 men). Colonel Liversedge began to reorient his regiment for operations in the opposite direction, northward. Unknown to all, the battle still had another month to run its bloody course.

[Sidebar (page 26): Rosenthal's Photograph of Iwo Jima Flag-Raising Quickly Became One of the War's Most Famous

[Illustration: _The six men who participated in the second or "famous" flag-raising on Mount Suribachi were Marines, joined by a medical corpsman. They were Sgt Michael Strank; Pharmacist's Mate 2/c John H. Bradley, USN; Cpl Harlon H. Block; and PFCs Ira H. Hayes, Franklin R. Sousley, and Rene A. Gagnon. AP photographer Joe Rosenthal recalls stumbling on the picture accidentally: "I swung my camera around and held it until I could guess that this was the peak of the action, and shot.... Had I posed that shot, I would, of course, have ruined it.... I would have also made them turn their heads so that they could be identified ... and nothing like the existing picture would have resulted."_

Associated Press

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There were two flags raised over Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima, but not at the same time. Despite the beliefs of many, and contrary to the supposed evidence, none of the photographs of the two flag-raising was posed. To begin with, early on the morning of 23 February 1945, four days after the initial landings, Captain Dave E. Severance, the commander of Company E, 2d Battalion, 28th Marines, ordered Lieutenant Harold G. Schrier to take a patrol and an American flag to the top of Suribachi. Staff Sergeant Louis R. Lowery, a _Leatherneck_ magazine photographer, accompanied the patrol. After a short fire fight, the 54"-by-28" flag was attached to a long piece of pipe, found at the crest of the mountain, and raised. This is the flag-raising which Lowery photographed. As the flag was thought to be too small to be seen from the beach below, another Marine from the battalion went on board _LST 779_ to obtain a larger flag. A second patrol then took this flag up to Suribachi's top and Joe Rosenthal, an Associated Press photographer, who had just come ashore, accompanied it.

As Rosenthal noted in his oral history interview, "... my stumbling on that picture was, in all respects, accidental." When he got to the top of the mountain, he stood in a decline just below the crest of the hill with Marine Sergeant William Genaust, a movie cameraman who was killed later in the campaign, watching while a group of five Marines and a Navy corpsman fastened the new flag to another piece of pipe. Rosenthal said that he turned from Genaust and out of the corner of his eye saw the second flag being raised. He said, "Hey, Bill. There it goes." He continued: "I swung my camera around and held it until I could guess that this was the peak of the action, and shot."

Some people learned that Rosenthal's photograph was of a second flag-raising and made the accusation that it was posed. Joe Rosenthal: "Had I posed that shot, I would, of course, have ruined it.... I would have also made them turn their heads so that they could be identified for [Associated Press] members throughout the country, and nothing like the existing picture would have resulted."

Later in the interview, he said: "This picture, what it means to me--and it has a meaning to me--that has to be peculiar only to me ... I see all that blood running down the sand. I see those awful, impossible positions to take in a frontal attack on such an island, where the batteries opposing you are not only staggered up in front of you, but also standing around at the sides as you're coming on shore. The awesome situation, before they ever reach that peak. Now, that a photograph can serve to remind us of the contribution of those boys--that was what made it important, not who took it."

Rosenthal took 18 photographs that day, went down to the beach to write captions for his undeveloped film packs, and, as the other photographers on the island, sent his films out to the command vessel offshore. From there they were flown to Guam, where the headquarters of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet/Commander in Chief, Pacific Ocean Areas, was situated, and where the photos were processed and censored. Rosenthal's pictures arrived at Guam before Lowery's, were processed, sent to the States for distribution, and his flag-raising picture became one of the most famous photographs ever taken in the war, or in any war.--_Benis M. Frank_
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THE HUNTING DANCE.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of

The Seminoles of Florida, by Minnie Moore-Willson

But the Hunting Dance! What memories of centuries past are kept alive by this brown-skinned race, as they observe the ancient feast of an aboriginal people.

With an invitation from the old chieftain, Tallahassee, who is patriarch of the tribe, to attend the Hunting Dance or Harvest Feast, the temptation was too great to resist. This festival occurs only in cycles--once every four years--and the character of its observance is known to but few, if any, white people. The Indian camps are so inaccessible that it takes nerve and muscle to reach them; but knowing that the entire band of Indians would be on hand in gala spirits and gorgeous attire, and knowing, too, that it was an opportunity that might come but once in a lifetime, the question of "to go or not to go," was soon settled, and preparations for the irksome journey were under way.

By train ride of one hundred and sixty miles we reached a little Florida hamlet, where a teamster with a creaking wagon and a pair of lean, cadaverous-looking horses were secured. Then followed a drive of thirty miles through ponds, swamps, prairie flats, slush and water; with sand-flies whirring and buzzing in our ears as they seemed to offer their orchestral escort through the dismal funeral Allapata flats. The journey was nearing its end. The sun, shining with a July fierceness, glinted the wigwams of the Seminoles. Tired and hungry we approached the village. Here the signs of the festival were everywhere apparent. With the inborn courtesy, that is ever present with these untutored Seminoles in the presence of a friend, they met us with royal grace. A wigwam was placed at our disposal, our baggage was unloaded, and in a quiet and unobtrusive manner a fine saddle of venison was presented.

The Indians were bubbling over with excitement, for it was a time of rejoicing--a carnival, when men, women and children all joined in the merriment.

As our visit always means presents for the Indians, expectant faces from the little toddling children, as well as from the older members of the camp, reminded us that it was time to distribute tobacco, pipes, red handkerchiefs, trinkets for the women, candy and nuts for the little ones.

Happiness pervaded the Everglade village. The older Indians, with the exception of the old chief, played like children, keeping the joyous revelry up from hour to hour.

The afternoon of our arrival was devoted to a ball game. An aboriginal ball game! Certainly played by a code of rules more than one hundred and fifty years old, where no curved balls nor Yale coaching had entered, but where swelled and echoed the glad free trump of joy as the game went on with scientific strokes and measured tread, with now and then a "rush" as the ball missed its target and bounded out of its circle. Both men and women participated in the game, the women being as adept as the men. The game is unique, and might be practised with much pleasure by our American boys.

Within a circle whose circumference is about thirty feet is erected a pole, which serves as a goal. The players take sides, or in country school parlance, "choose up." The object of the game is to strike the pole with the ball, which is knocked with a racket or stick, which is made of hickory, with a netted pocket made of deer thongs.

The ball is tossed up and caught in the netted pocket, and then hurled at the pole. The opposing side endeavor to prevent the ball from touching the post. Sometimes the ball strikes the ground away beyond the line of play, and then a scamper for it is a moment of great excitement. Men, women and children make a rush for the ball, the victor having the next play. A scorekeeper stands by the pole, keeping a record of the play.

As the twilight falls the players end the game and the feast begins. The edibles are distributed into three parts, the men taking their portion and going to a selected spot, the women likewise to a point designated for them, and the children to a third location. This peculiar arrangement is not indulged in at any other time, but has some ancient significance and is followed at this festival.

When the feast is over, which consisted of the fruits of the chase and the best products of the little palmetto-fenced gardens, the band assembled for the grand hunting dance. Campfires burned all around the dancing square, and as the dusky forms emerged from the shadows of the great live oaks, clad as they were in most fantastic attire, the scene was most picturesque.

Women, men and children gathered at the council lodge. Yards and yards of brightly-colored ribbons floated from the head, neck and shoulders of the women, with beads of various hues and many pounds in quantity around their necks, while beaten silver ornaments fastened on their waists added to the decoration. The men, likewise, were in brilliant coats and enormous turbans, with leggins gracefully adorned with the fringe of the doe skin, with moccasins fresh and

new. Nor had the children been neglected, for, with swirling ribbons and bright red dresses that reached to their slim ankles, they came bubbling with joy and laughter, ready to take their places in the dance circle.

Now the dancers are ready. In the centre of the square the fire, the Sacred Fire, flashes and flickers. At each corner of the square stands a pole. The leader, who on this occasion is Chief Bill Stewart, waits at the door of the lodge. He starts a weird melody, and the band locks hands, marking time as they make up the chant. The chief leads off the entire band in the procession, making as picturesque a figure as was ever witnessed in a New York cotillion.

With the reader's permission to digress--pertinent at this point is the ironical comment of an editorial writer in one of the great dailies, when he says, "Fancy Lo in a stove pipe hat." We have seen him and he makes a good-looking native American. As he approached, the splendid form of Billy Doctor was recognized in stove pipe hat, full evening broadcloth suit, with white cravat, low cut waistcoat, and satin lined "spike tail" coat. The entire outfit was possibly the gift of some Palm Beach tourist. To Billy's credit, he only wore the costume for fantastic effect.

If the reader will follow the lines of the accompanying diagram, tracing from left, he will see that the long line of dancers, as they pass around the poles, appears to be coming and going, sometimes three and four abreast, but all in such symmetrical motion that the dance is very beautiful, coupled with the grace and modesty of innocence, with an accompaniment of singing strangely sweet.

[Illustration: SACRED * FIRE

COUNCIL HOUSE

THE HUNTING DANCE.]

The various dances of these people show how close they live to nature. As they move to the rhythmical cadence of the owl song, we hear "Waugh-ho-ooo-who whoo," of the great horned owl; then the penewa, or wild turkey dance, with its notes of the gobbling bird; and so on with many others.

A feature of the dance, and one that might be commended, is that those who dance must work or hunt. Each morning of the festival every member of the camp, down to the wee child, must hunt, leaving the camp by daybreak and hunting till twelve o'clock noon. The men hunt

large game; the boys go for rabbits, birds and squirrels; while the women hunt the hogs and dig potatoes, and the very small children "hunt" water, and bring in sticks of wood. To their white friends, they said, "Dance to-night?" This was intended for an invitation, and was an honor rarely accorded; but with the stern, unwritten law before them, they explained, "White friends must hunt, hunt, hunt. All same Indian. No hunt, no dance."

Another picturesque game is the dancing around the festal pole. In this dance, the women enter from one side, and the men from another. Around the ankles of the women are strapped clusters of shells of the highland terrapin, partly filled with pebbles; these shells are concealed by the long dress skirt, and as they dance, singing the long-cadenced song of their fathers, they make melodious music. A remarkable feature in the perfection of the dance is that as the women move off not a sound is heard, that bunch of shells is as silent as the tomb; and yet it would be practically impossible for one to move the shells by hand without causing them to rattle.

There is so much that is elevating and purifying in the conduct of these people that it would be hard to describe the scenes, the love and good humor that flash between the moments of the times spent in the council at the feasts and the dances.

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THE WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON'S DAILY DIARY

(See Travel Record for Travel Activity)

PLACE DAY BEGAN DATE (Mo. Day. Yr.)

November 14, 1969

CAPE KENNEDY, FLORIDA -

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C. TIMEDAY

8:20 amFriday

TIME

PHONE

P=Placed

R=Received

ACTIVITY

In Out Lo LD

8:20 8:26

The President flew by helicopter from the South Grounds of the White House to Andrews AFB. For a list of passengers, see APPENDIX "A".

8:34 10:25

The President flew by AF 1 from Andrews AFB to Patrick AFB, Florida. For a list of passengers, see APPENDIX "B".

10:34 10:53

The President flew by helicopter from Patrick AFB to Cape Kennedy. For a list of passengers, see APPENDIX "A".

10:54 11:42

The President went to the VIP Area bleachers of the Cape Kennedy viewing site. Among those seated with him were:

The First Lady

Patricia Nixon

Thomas O. Paine, Admin of NASA

Frank Borman, Astronaut

11:42 12:26

The Presidential party motored from the VIP Area bleachers to the Launch Control Center where the First Family toured the floor.

12:26 12:41

The Presidential party motored from the Launch Control Center to the helipad at Cape Kennedy.

12:43 12:54

The Presidential party flew by helicopter from Cape Kennedy to Patrick AFB, Florida. For a list of passengers, see APPENDIX "C".

1:00 2:31

The Presidential party flew by AF 1 from Patrick AFB to Andrews AFB. For a list of passengers, see APPENDIX "D".

While aboard AF 1 the President met with:

1:00 1:40

H. R. Haldeman, Asst

1:40 2:05

Henry A. Kissinger, Asst

2:10 2:35

Ralph T. Smith, Senator

2:10 2:35

Edward J. Gurney, Senator

2:10 2:35

James G. Fulton, Congressman

2:38 2:44

The Presidential party flew by helicopter from Andrews AFB to the South Grounds of the White House. For a list of passengers, see APPENDIX "C".

2:48

The President went to the Residence.

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BOYS' LIFE

For all boys Published by the Boy Scouts of America

FEBRUARY 1928

PRICE 20 CENTS



Eighteen Features Written by Boys

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